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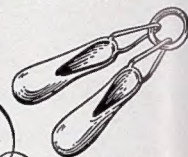
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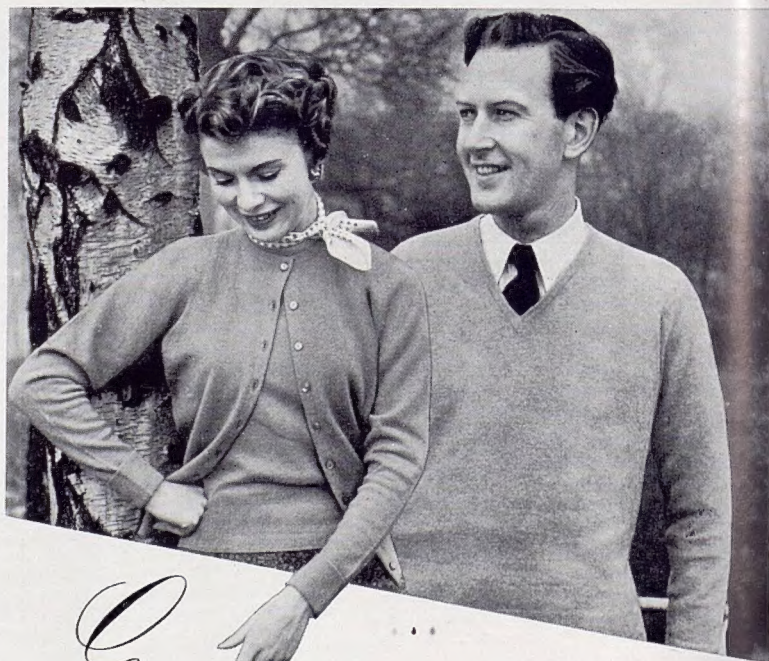


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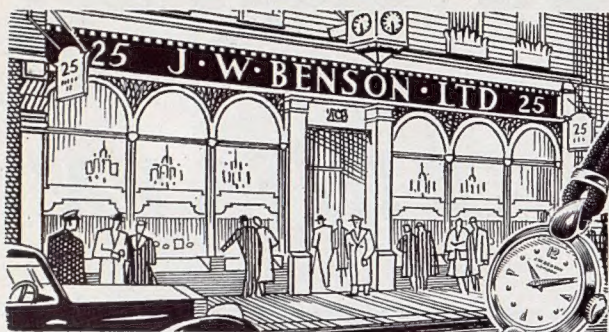
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MRS. PETER THORNEYCROFT
BY THE GILDED MIRROR

THIS delicate photographic study is of the President of the Board of Trade's charming wife, formerly the Countess Carla Roberti. It was taken at her home in Chester Square, whose notable décor she planned. She and her husband, who is a Privy Councillor and M.P. for Monmouth, will shortly be crossing the Atlantic as guests of the Government of Canada, where Mr. Thorneycroft will make an official tour



THE QUEEN'S HAND touches the pearl-encrusted hilt of the sword offered by Sir Noel Bowater, Lord Mayor of London, as her State landau stops at the City boundary of Temple Bar. Her Majesty was going to the Mansion House with the Duke of Edinburgh for the luncheon of welcome given by the City on her return from the Commonwealth Tour



IN AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN, part of the grounds of Belton House, two little bridesmaids rested from the excitement of the wedding. They were Harriet and Victoria, the children of Sir Alexander and Lady Kinloch

ocial Journal

Jennifer

Lincolnshire's Wedding Of The Year

THE HON. EDWARD CUST was standing on the platform at King's Cross, as the "Belton Wedding Special" steamed into the station to take 200 guests to Grantham and back. He was deputizing for his father, Lord Brownlow, and with quiet charm and efficiency saw that all details were carried out in the most perfect manner for the comfort of the guests making the journey to attend the marriage of his sister, the Hon. Caroline Cust, to Mr. John Partridge, at St. Wulfram's Church, Grantham.

Arum and Harrisii lilies, with white blossom, decorated the church, and the Bishop of Grantham performed the ceremony, assisted by Canon C. H. Leeke. The Mayor of Grantham, in his purple velvet robes, arrived with the Mayoress shortly before the bride, and were escorted to their seats in civic state. The bride herself was Mayoress of Grantham in 1950-51, an appointment that was also held by her beautiful and beloved mother, Kitty, the late Lady Brownlow, from 1935-36.

Miss Cust, who was given away by her father, looked radiant in a beautiful dress of white lace and tulle, a diamond tiara of graduated stars holding in place her long tulle veil. She was attended by six child bridesmaids who wore enchanting organza dresses in different sweet pea shades, with head-

dresses of fresh flowers. They were Victoria and Harriet Kinloch, Jane Astor, Caroline Mason, Sally McCorquodale and Carolyn Magor. Mr. Denis Mountain carried out the duties of best man and the ushers included the Hon. Edward Cust and his cousin, the Hon. John Norton.

AFTER the ceremony there was a reception at Lord Brownlow's beautiful home, Belton House, just outside Grantham. As guests entered the house, they at once saw the striking portrait, by Simon Elwes, of the late Lady Brownlow wearing a crimson velvet jacket. This had been hung especially on the panelling beside the wide doorway of the baronial hall with a magnificent bowl of snow white flowers beneath it. Lady Brownlow, who died eighteen months ago, was not only very beautiful, but one of the gayest and most lovable personalities imaginable, and she had a tremendous number of friends. Many of those at the wedding, I know, felt that the spirit of Kitty Brownlow was present on this happy occasion, the marriage of her adored only daughter, Caroline, who has inherited much of her parents' charm.

Lord Brownlow received the 800 guests with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Partridge, the latter wearing a red and green printed silk suit with a mink stole, and a hat trimmed with a chiffon bow. Guests made their way

out into the garden, where a big marquee had been erected at the foot of the wide steps. At the end of this stood the four-tiered wedding cake which had been made by Lord Brownlow's cook at Belton.

THOSE I saw at the wedding included Lord Brownlow's only sister, the Hon. Mrs. E. J. Hoos, who was wearing a black and white printed silk suit and small hat, the bride's cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Baring, very neat in navy blue with touches of white, and her husband, the Hon. Kay Norton, Col. and Mrs. Walter Bromley-Davenport, Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe very chic in a dark brown grosgrain coat and little red straw cap, and the bride's Nanny, Miss Millard, who has been a very dear friend of the family for many years as before she came to Lord and Lady Brownlow when Caroline was born, she was with Lady Brownlow's sister, the late Lady Grantley, and Nanny to her daughter Sarah, now the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Baring.

Chatting in the marquee before the cake was cut were the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, Lord and Lady Bethell and the Hon. William Bethell, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer, the latter very pretty wearing a flower cap with her silk dress, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Nash, and Miss Serena Sheffield, who told me her stepbrother, Mr. Archie Kidston, is being married to Miss Susie Pease in London in July. Lady Mountain in a hyacinth blue grosgrain suit was talking to Lady Napier and Mrs. John Rogerson and her daughter, Valda, and nearby were Mrs. Gerald Walker with her son and daughter, David and Anne, the Hon. William and Mrs. Rollo, and Mrs. Everard Gates and Mr. Christopher Wells talking to Viscount and Viscountess Saverlake.

COL. WALTER BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, M.P. for the Knutsford Division of Cheshire, who has known the bride since she was born, proposed the health of the young couple with a charming and very amusing speech, to which the bridegroom replied with great eloquence. Another very close friend of the bride's family, Mrs. Gordon Leith, was unfortunately not well enough to come to the wedding.

While the bride and bridegroom were changing to go away, many friends took the opportunity of seeing more of Belton House, one of the finest of England's stately homes, which was built in 1685 and is attributed to Christopher Wren. It has a private chapel, perhaps the most lovely room in the house, and some of the best examples of Grinling Gibbons carvings extant, also many priceless pictures, pieces of furniture and exquisite Aubusson carpets.

Guests could also see the magnificent wedding presents which were displayed in the dining-room. They included a three row pearl necklace from the bridegroom's parents, a fine oil painting to the bridegroom from Lord Brownlow, and a sapphire

[Continued overleaf]



Seated in a carved chair was Lady Bethell, while Lord Bethell and his brother, the Hon. W. G. Bethell, admired their host's treasures



Mrs. Robin Fenwick was admiring the toy donkey which the president, the Marchioness of Cambridge, had won in the tombola. The ball was at the Hyde Park Hotel

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

With The Guards In Germany

and diamond necklace which were among the bride's many lovely presents from her father. She received a silver coffee pot and milk jug from the tenants and employees at Belton, a portable wireless from friends in Belton village, a work table and another table from friends in the neighbouring village of Manthorpe, a fine teapot from the Grantham Agricultural Society, and a silver tray from the Belton Park Golf Club. The bride looked enchanting in a black and white silk dress and a little flower cap to match when they left for their honeymoon, which is being spent at Lord Brownlow's house, Roaring River, the most beautiful home in Jamaica. Before she drove away, the bride after kissing her father, went over to say goodbye to her brother, who had her two dogs on a lead, and her favourite hunter.

Photographs of the wedding are on pages 457-9.

★ ★ ★

IFLEW over to Germany for the two-day Hubbelrath Horse Show and Hunter Trials, organized by the 4th Guards Brigade, assisted by units of the 2nd Infantry Division, and also took the opportunity to attend a very good ball run by the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards in their mess. It was a very quick and easy journey of less than two hours' flying, as B.E.A. now use Elizabethans and Viscounts on the service from London to Düsseldorf.

This was the first show of its kind to be held in this part of Germany, and it was superbly organized in a lovely setting, on land lent by Herr Adolph Niepenburg. Brig. D. H. Fitzgerald was the very efficient chairman of a workmanlike committee running the Show, which included Capt. Charles Hammick of the Coldstream Guards, who was a very hard-working hon. secretary, and his equally zealous assistant, Capt. D. F. Rouse of the D.C.L.I., Capt. John Greener of the Coldstream Guards, the capable hon. treasurer, and Capt. Michael Greenwood, also in the Coldstream Guards, who ran the show-jumping side with great efficiency.

As there were so many entries, there were three show rings, one devoted to dressage, and two to show jumping events. Around these were arranged luncheon tents and seating accommodation, with the flags of many nations flying overhead and a band playing all day. The horse lines were arranged conveniently near, in the trees which fringed one side of the ground.

Nearby was a polo ground, on which a game was played during the afternoon. This was informative for the German spectators as it is a new game to them.

IT was interesting to see a sixteen-year-old girl, Fräulein U. Richter, daughter of Dr. T. Richter, win both the dressage events, for which there were sixty-six and forty-seven entries. She was riding her father's horse Attila. Although German riders have specialized in dressage for many years, Fräulein Richter visited England for two years in succession, for schooling at the late Capt. Tony Collings's riding establishment at Porlock.

There were big entries in the jumping classes and I was very impressed by the beautiful horses owned and ridden by the Essen and Düsseldorf police competing in these events. The principal jumping trophy, a cup presented by Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, the U.K. High Commissioner, was won by the well-known German rider, Herr W. Offermanns on Nicoline, who beat Capt. R. Dallas of the 3rd Hussars on Marmion by one second. This horse and Frankie, on which he was fifth in this event, are the two horses Capt. Dallas will be riding with the British Show Jumping team at the Madrid Horse Show next month.

OTHER British officers competing included Lt.-Col. J. A. H. Mitchell on Bally Keating, who was fourth the following day in one of the hunter trials, Lt. J. B. Anderson of the 16/5th Lancers, and Lt. Tony Motion of the 9th Lancers riding Crossbar, which belongs to his C.O., Lt.-Col. Llewellyn-Palmer. Tony Motion, incidentally, announced his engagement a few days later to the



Miss Carina Boyle, a 1954 débutante, and Mr. Vincent Poklewski, were listening to the muted dance music

THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE was president of the Pied Piper Ball, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., which has by now established itself as an important date of the early season. There were many parties, and the company of nearly six hundred danced until midnight was a memory

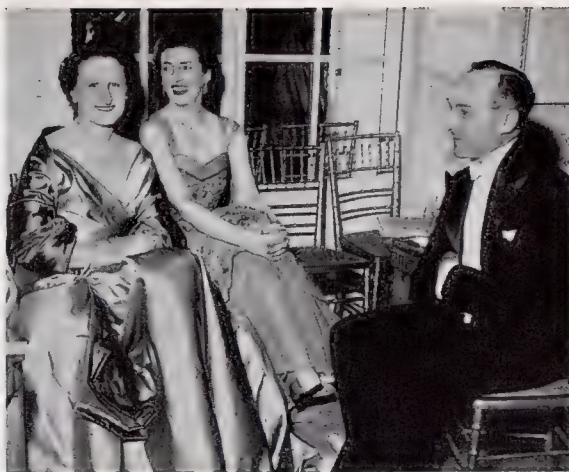
Hon. Penelope Harcourt. Brig. Denis Fitzgerald had a big party to luncheon, sitting at small tables in the sunshine in the "chairinaus" enclosure where they were also able to watch the jumping. His guests included Lady Hoyer Millar, looking charming in a navy blue suit and a sable tie. Her husband, who is our High Commissioner in the Western Zone of Germany, had another official engagement, but arrived later in the afternoon in time for the prizegiving. Signor Barbarino, the Italian Ambassador to W. Germany, who was formerly Ambassador in Dublin, I noticed among the luncheon guests, talking to Mrs. Robin McAlpine, also the Comte de Kerchone de Deutergham, Counsellor at the Belgian Embassy, and his charming wife. He was at their Embassy in London during the war and later went to Brazil. The Earl of Cathcart, who has recently gone out there as brigade major, with the Countess of Cathcart in grey, were helping Brig. Fitzgerald look after his guests.

GEN. SIR SYDNEY KIRKMAN, Col. Commandant R.A., came in with Brig. Hewetson. Others there for luncheon or tea later in the day were Dr. Pulter, chairman of the German show jumping judges, Dr. Gugal, who was on the Horse Show committee, and runs the Tallihoh school for dressage and show jumping in Düsseldorf, Maj.-Gen. Coad, who gave one of the silver cups, and his wife, who watched the jumping nearby in her car, Baron von Diergardt-Roland, who was up at Oxford some years ago and lives in the Schloss Roland, Herr and Frau Kloppenburg, whose fifteen-year-old son was riding in some of the events at the show, and Brig. Adam Block, one of the judges, and Mrs. Block, who had come over from Hanover and were staying with Lord and Lady Cathcart for the weekend.

THE Horse Show Ball in the evening at the officers' mess of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards was a tremendous success. Lt.-Col. Digby Raeburn, the Commanding Officer, was a wonderful host, and the whole evening had been beautifully organized, much of the credit for this going to Capt. Macgregor Macgregor, of Macgregor, whom I saw dancing with Mlle. Geneviève François-Poncet, the very pretty and charming daughter of the French High Commissioner in Bonn. Dancing took place not only in the vast dining-room where a band played from a minstrels' gallery, and the reels and Scottish country dances could be enjoyed without a crush, but also in a small marquee built out over part of the terrace and lined with the Brigade of Guards' red and blue, where two musicians with accordions played in the corner of the dance floor, and there was a quiet, informal atmosphere. Lovely flowers, including masses of potted calceolarias, had been arranged in



Enjoying a quickstep was Mrs. Derek Steward Adams, who was being partnered by Col. John Compton-Inglefield



Mrs. Desmond Boyle, a member of the ball committee, was having a conversation with Mrs. and Lt.-Col. George Demetriadi

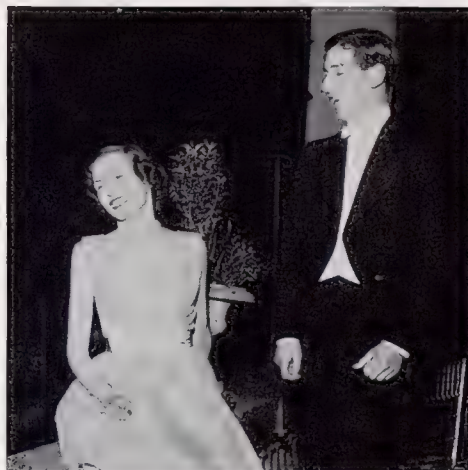


Earl Bathurst, up from Gloucestershire, laughing with Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham at the bar

the ballroom and sitting-out rooms, and supper was served at candlelit tables in the white walled hall.

Many of those I have already mentioned were at the ball and others included Lt.-Col. Genese, who commands the East Lancashire Regt., and Mrs. Genese, Lt.-Col. Arthur Fortescue, who commands the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards at Krefeld, Major the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard of the Grenadier Guards, who is stationed at Badneunahr, and Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard, who wore a magnificent diamond pendant with her white dress, Major Eric Penn, who is also in the Grenadier Guards, and his wife, whose brother, Capt. Blair Stewart-Tolson was also at the dance, and Major and Mrs. Roger Humphreys, who like the Eric Penn's had come from Berlin.

Capt. and Mrs. Martin Busk had come up from Arnold and I also saw Major and Mrs. Michael W. and Capt. Fergus Bowes-Lyon dancing with Miss Sheila Walter, who, like many of the very pretty girls at the ball, had come out for the weekend. These included Miss Sally Churchill, Miss Veronica Routledge, Miss Juliet Kingsford, who was dancing with Capt. John Riley of the Coldstream Guards, Miss Fleur Mountain dancing with Capt. David Clegg, and Miss Vivian Kane, who was partnered by Mr. Dick Cooper. These three girls had motored out together.



Much amused were Miss Caroline York and Mr. H. A. Clive, who had adjourned to the terrace



Miss Susan Marks was telling a diverting story to Major and Mrs. W. L. Lawrence-Slingsby

NEXT day's Hunter Trials, held in warm sunny weather, was a much more informal affair. Most people brought picnic lunches which they enjoyed in the natural grandstand on the hill which overlooked the valley where the course was laid out. Capt. R. Dallas, riding Deception, won the novice event, Major G. Acworth, R.A., won the open on the regimental entry, Ginger, and Major Pratt on Silver Cannon, Major Rees on Pinto, and Lt. Sherwin on Juliet, gained the team award. Also competing in these events were Major A. S. Bullivant, of the 16/5th Lancers and Mrs. Bullivant, who rode in the novice pairs, Major S. Bland, who is in the Scots Guards, Major and Mrs. Heathcote, who also rode in the pairs event, Lt.-Col. Leather, Mrs. Davies-Scourfield and Lt.-Col. David Barbour, riding Cottage Boy, who was at one time quite a useful chaser.

★ ★ ★

MORE than 250 débutantes, all in white evening dresses, took part in the picturesque procession of maids of honour at the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House. As on previous occasions, they walked slowly to the march from Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* which was always played at the original Queen Charlotte's birthday ball at St. James's Palace. This year the standard of looks among débutantes is high, and they were better groomed and turned out than has been the case for some years past. They made a charming picture as they curtsied simultaneously to Mary Duchess of Devonshire, the guest of honour, who performed the cake-cutting ceremony.

Margherita Lady Howard de Walden who, like Mary Duchess of Devonshire, wore a fine tiara,

[Continued overleaf]



Having a cooler by a window before supper, Mr. Nicholas Brown-Wilkinson, Mrs. Peter Grant and Miss Elizabeth Matheson had just caught sight of some friends coming out of the ballroom



Wedding Of Dr. David A. Slattery And Miss Mary Miller

Col. and Mrs. V. H. Hughes-Reckitt with the best man, Mr. John Crewdson. The wedding was at St. James's, Spanish Place



The bridegroom's parents, Rear-Admiral M. S. Slattery, C.B., and Mrs. Slattery (left) with Mrs. R. M. Miller, the bride's mother



Ready to welcome all their guests were the bride and bridegroom, Dr. and Mrs. David Slattery

Social Journal (Contd.)

Débutantes' Pageant

was president of the ball and had a big party at her table, including one of her daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Orloff, and débutante granddaughter, Tatiana Orloff.

This ball, which raises a large sum for the Association of Friends of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital and Chelsea Hospital for Women, is always very much a family affair, and many fathers as well as mothers attend and usually join with friends and their children to make tables for eight or twelve or more. The credit for the smooth running of the event, which is now attended by over 1,000 guests, is due both to Margharita Lady Howard de Walden and the very efficient secretary, Mrs. D. J. Khan, who has held the office since 1929, two years after the ball was revived in 1927.

Photographs of the ball will be found on pages 454-5.

AMONG those with a débutante daughter who brought parties to the ball were Lady May Abel Smith who, besides her daughters Anne and the débutante Elizabeth, had Col. and Mrs. Ferris St. George, and their daughter, Sally, and Col. the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Bridgeman (who had given a cocktail party the previous day for their débutante daughter, Christine) at her table. The St. Georges are giving an original party for Sally on June 1. It is to be a small supper-dance on board M.V. Queen Elizabeth, guests leaving Westminster Pier at 7 p.m. The Countess of Dunraven and Mount-Earl brought a party, also Lady Keeling, the Hon. Mrs. Casey, who combined with Mrs. York, Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, who shared a table with Mrs. Denis Russell and Lady Munro, the Hon. Mrs. David Bowlby with Mrs. Brocas Burrows and Sir Andrew and Lady Clark with Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Brunner.

Outstandingly pretty girls at the ball included two Carolines, Miss Caroline York and Miss Caroline Blackett, the Hon. Susan James, Miss Diana Child and Miss Fiona Douglas-Home,

who are both fair with lovely colouring, Miss Carolyn Barclay, Miss Prudence McCorquodale, Miss Claire Baring, Miss Fiona Munro, the Hon. Elizabeth Rees-Williams and Miss Alison Glover. Other young girls I saw enjoying the evening were Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, Miss Janet Illingworth, Miss Juliet Barea, Miss Tessa Williams, the Hon. Fionn O'Neill, Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort, who wore a beautiful full-skirted tulle dress, Miss Sally Russell, Miss Sarah Wignall, Miss Penelope Tankerville Chamberlayne, Miss Belinda Gold, with white flowers on her very pretty white crinoline, Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths and her cousin, Miss Anne Norton-Griffiths.

★ ★ ★

THE Marchioness of Cambridge, wearing a diamond and pearl tiara with her cream brocade evening dress, and Mrs. John Ward also with her diamond tiara and the beautiful dress she wore at the Coronation—white satin embossed with gold and classically draped—received, as president and chairman, the guests at the Pied Piper Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel.

There were more than five hundred present, and even with that number, many late applications for tickets had had to be refused.

The evening was much more like a private dance than a charity ball. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ward had a big party including their daughter, Didi, in white, the Spanish Ambassador, the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, looking beautiful in a patterned evening dress, Sir Alfred Beit, débutantes Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin and Miss Alison Glover, both in white, Viscount Hambleden, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck.

Others I saw were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Rose, the latter very pretty in red, Sir Kenneth and Lady Gibson, who had their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Greenly with them, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle and their débutante daughter, Carina, Mrs. Rupert de Zoete, and Mrs. Robert Wallis, who is over here from New York. She paints under her maiden name of Diana Esmond and has been having an exhibition of her work at the Ohana Gallery in Carlos Place. Mrs. Wallis will be remembered here in prewar days when, with her sister, now Baronne de Waldner, they would often go racing with their father, the late Mr. Edward Esmond, who had many good horses in training.

Jack and Daphne Barker gave an excellent cabaret to an appreciative audience, who not only sat on the chairs all round the ballroom, but also on the dance floor.



JONATHAN CHARLES BERESFORD WEBSTER slept peacefully after his christening at Rhoscolyn Church, Isle of Anglesey. He is the first-born son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Armstrong Webster



The three bridesmaids, Miss Elizabeth Cornell, Miss Marguerite Patten and Miss Mical Slattery



Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Snell and Mrs. D. N. Ingle discussed this very happy wedding



A crowd gathered round the paddock to see the smiling victor, Miss Newbery, after she had won the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' race with Muphti II

A FINE TRADITION was maintained when the Vine Hunt held their point-to-point at Hackwood Park, Basingstoke. The five races were watched by a large number of enthusiastic spectators, in conditions of ideal weather and going



Experts discussing form were Viscount and Viscountess Monck, with Mr. Raymond Baring (right)



Mr. R. Phillips, joint hon. sec. of the meeting, with Mrs. Phillips (left) and Capt. and Mrs. Humfrey



Grand Mauveran, winner of the Open race, receives attention from the farrier, while his jockey Mr. J. Webber and Capt. R. C. Petre (right) look on

AT THE RACES

Pointers For The Derby

• Sabretache •

WHEN Darius won the Guineas over the Rowley Mile at Newmarket, he was at once made favourite for the Derby without even a bad penny having been betted on him. This was subsequently admitted by most of the head serangs in the "offices." After Infatuation won the 1½ mile Trial Stakes at Sandown, his price hardly altered at all.

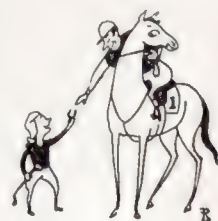
The reason in both these cases is not far to seek; the layers knew that Darius was the right size and stamp for the Derby; but in the case of Infatuation they looked very hard at that 17.1 hands, a towering height. Big ones have won the Derby. Captain Cuttle, for instance, was no pygmy and not a very nice ride for any jockey, but he was not 17.1, the same height as the most dangerous and fiercest jungle animal, the wild ox called the Tsain.

Infatuation is not wild or fierce, in fact rather the other way on, and therefore never likely to take much out of himself, but he is very big and I am certain that the wide open spaces of Doncaster are more likely to suit him than the Epsom switchback. I do not believe that he will win the Derby, much as we would all like to see Sir Malcolm McAlpine's famous jacket in front, because Infatuation is an outsize for this particular adventure, good one though we know he must be.

THERE is now not much time before June 2 and we may not yet be at the end of this house of cards trick which we have witnessed. I think the Derby is not going to be an easy race upon which to bet. We only think that we know what will not win but that after all is something, since negative information whether in peace or war is very often even better than positive information. Ever since he won at Epsom, Ambler II had been in strong demand and it looked as if he would start favourite on the day. Then came the catastrophe at Lingfield when Ambler II after being upset at the start was still further upset on the road by a horse in front of him getting rid of his jockey. As we know this very big colt Rowston Manor then won in good form, with this reservation that we do not know how good or otherwise the horse immediately behind him was. There is this further that Rowston Manor is practically the same size as Infatuation, i.e. 17 hands.

BIRTHDAY congratulations to little Gordon Richards on his half century! In reason age need not count, so long as two other things, nerve and heart, are unimpaired. Gordon has never had to waste very much, hence, I think, his eternal youth and indomitable courage. The sweater and the Turkish bath are the things which pile up the tally of the years for so many jockeys. The actual race-riding is not the most severe trial, strenuous as it can be. The leading case of tragedy is Fred Archer, who was a very tall fellow, and had to waste most rigorously. Personally I do not think that there is anything that is more calculated to have a depressing effect, and likewise an empty tummy never helped anybody.

Many people no doubt can recall the painful moments they have experienced when they have been asked to a very good race lunch and not been able to eat a mouthful. Dry toast and uninteresting claret are not very sustaining, to put it no higher, and as most of us hate walking—at least I do—that does not add to the gaiety of our surroundings.





A MATTER OF HIGH POLICY. The Countess of Lister (Marie Löhr) backs up the Earl (A. E. Matthews) when he demands an explanation from his butler Beecham (Charles Heslop) as to why the latter should be presenting Lady Cleghorn (Viola Lyel) as a Tory candidate

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations]
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"The Manor Of Northstead" (Duchess)

A COMIC peer who comes alive in every word he speaks has no need to do anything. The Earl of Lister could be turned out of this sequel to *The Chiltern Hundreds* without harming the plot—but not without ruining the evening. For he—in the person of Mr. A. E. Matthews—is the evening.

He potters with blue-blooded inconsequence. He hatches little plans which come to nothing. He comments on others with the freedom that must be willy-nilly permitted the absent-minded. He remembers things which he has been told long ago and recounts them at unexpected moments with memorable effect. His dissertation on the itinerant life of the liver-fluke is especially memorable, and the casual ease of its delivery may conceal from some the marvellous sureness of the timing. Anyone so absurdly natural as this old buffer is made to appear may well leave the action of the comedy to others. He is a comic idea incarnate and his mere presence in a situation is sufficient to set it tingling agreeably, though it must be confessed that Mr. William Douglas Home, intent on his most successful character up to date, makes a rather sketchy business of the comedy proper.

THE Earl and Countess have come north to stay with Beecham, the butler in the earlier play, who has a fishing lodge in the Hebrides. Lord Lister has the rifle with which he is accustomed at home to shoot rabbits from the breakfast table, and the cottage window is conveniently placed to allow him to pick off seals when the Countess is not about. He is happy enough till the unexpected arrival of his detested sister and her Labour peer and also his son, Lord Pym, and his ambitious wife. Something tells him that the peace of his holiday is threatened, and the blow is quick to fall.

A general election is impending and the Labour candidate to have been nominated for the uncontested local seat is missing, feared drowned. It occurs to the

unscrupulous Labour peer to flatter the butler's wife with the proposal that she should stand for Labour. The butler more or less simultaneously and with no less skilful flattery gets the Labour peer's wife to stand for the Conservatives. Lord Pym is lazy and unpolitical, but his ambitious wife makes sure that he is nominated in the Liberal interest. There is some surprise at the symmetrical way in which life arranges itself in the Hebrides, but all three candidates from the same house firmly take the field. When the original candidate turns up it only remains to lock him up in the cellar, where he can do no harm.



THAT TEST OF NERVE, an election, finds weak spots in the armour of Lord Cleghorn (Ronald Adam)

OUTLINED thus, the comedy may appear extremely thin, but it must be remembered that while all this is happening Mr. Matthews is constantly popping in and out, registering surprise or pleasure or perhaps not noticing anything at all but usually finding an opportunity to reminisce. His inspired ramblings effectually distract attention from the general weakness of the material, and there is one very enjoyable scene in which he, with serene impartiality, dispenses brandy to his butler and the Labour peer whenever one or other party has gained a seat in the election. The major parties run a dead heat; one Liberal is returned; and that Liberal is the indifferent Lord Pym who finds the fate of the country in his hands. What he does with it provides matter for the final scene.

EXCELLENT as the cast is, it has to be content to cede the fun-making to Mr. Matthews. Mr. Charles Heslop, as the long-suffering butler-host, takes his chances for droll polysyllabic humour, but they are all too few. Miss Marie Löhr brings firm technique to the Countess, but it is nothing of a part. Miss Viola Lyel, with her strong suit in mock refinement, is wasted. But Miss Lorraine Clewes makes a good thing of the butler's wife in a fit of hysterical laughter.



Angus McBean.

JOYCE GRENFELL, regarded by many as the model of English comedy, delights audiences with performances of exceptional wit and polish. She will appear in Laurier Lister's new entertainment, *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure*, opening shortly at the Fortune Theatre, for which she has written her own material, with music by Richard Addinsell. In addition to being an accomplished actress, Miss Grenfell is also a lyric writer, journalist and broadcaster

London Linelight



Arthur McCrae, Brenda Bruce and Alan Webb in "Both Ends Meet," shortly to be seen in the West End

Man of Infinite Jest

ARTHUR MACRAE will appear again in his dual capacity as author and actor when *Both Ends Meet* comes to town next month. We last saw him as the garrulous Chorus in his adaptation of *The Private Life of Helen*, and he gave himself a modest part in *Traveller's Joy*. A very nice wit adorns all his work, as revue fanciers will recall, for he was responsible for a great deal of the early Lyric and Globe shows, *Tuppence Coloured* and *Slings and Arrows*.

This time he is taking a major role in his own comedy, the subject of which is precisely as stated, i.e., the increasing modern problem of making ends meet. He will play, with complete authority, the role of an author of revue. Supporting him are Brenda Bruce, Alan Webb and Cyril Raymond; it promises to be what the late Robert Hale would call a rare treat.

SIR LAURENCE and Lady Olivier announce the last weeks of *The Sleeping Prince*, which must be a matter for regret to all theatregoers, for their technique in this performance is beyond superlatives. It is one of those events which students of this age will boast, in involved jargon, of having seen and appreciated. In the autumn they will make a film and in the spring there is the promise of Stratford. This was the stage on which Sir Laurence made his first appearance in a school-boy rendering of *The Shrew*. It would delight most of his admirers if he could appear again in this play, for this would be the perfection of pipe-dream casting: Mr. Brook to produce, Mr. Hordern to play Sly.

IDLE, in the Army sense, is the adjective which seems best fitted for *The Bombshell*, Val Gielgud's new play, which was briefly at the Westminster. It had but two ideas, one of them as fresh as an election egg and the other a melodramatic twist unsuited to the trend of the argument. A young scientist struggles with his conscience, and his wife's, against the siren songs of the wicked world. Fame and the Z bomb, or obscurity and sleep o' nights? Hardly a knock-out subject for two acts, but little does he know that the offer is merely a cunning trap, and that act three does not derive from Galsworthy, but Oppenheim.

A sound cast, Leo Genn, Malcolm Keen, Raymond Huntley and others did their best, which is more than can be said of the stage carpenter. Most of the action [*sic*] took place in one of those villas built on a plan as unlikely as the tale itself. Perhaps the author committed the play to paper in a hurry: second thoughts were sadly missed.

—Youngman Carter



Van Hallan

AFTER HIS CHRISTENING at St. Michael's, Chester Square, Anthony Richard Warren is seen with his mother and father, Dr. Brian Warren and Mrs. Warren (Dr. Josephine Barnes), and their two daughters, Penelope Jane (left) and Amanda Juliet. Dr. and Mrs. Warren live in Chester Square



LADY (NOEL) CURTIS-BENNETT, vice-president of the Empire Games Ball, talking over a point with the secretary, Mr. R. G. Hinks, at the recent committee meeting at the Dorchester, where the ball takes place on June 1st

Talk Around the Town

MAP-GAZING after the Queen's return to see the places she happened to miss, I realised that in the past eight years the Royal Family seems to have missed little.

There was that highly successful tour in the autumn of 1952 which the Duchess of Kent made to Bahrein, Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, Borneo and Hong-Kong, and which tied up nicely with the Queen's visit to the Fijis and Tonga.

The Queen's recent call on Bermuda and Jamaica complemented the Princess Royal's journey to the West Indies, although that was sadly interrupted.

Before that came South Africa in 1947 (with special attention to Port Elizabeth) and the visit paid to the Rhodesias last year

by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

Add to this the *a mari usque ad mare* tour of Canada on the eve of the Accession, and you have a magnificent object-lesson in travel under one flag. The only sad note is that in the ordinary way the fantastic cost of travel makes even modest ventures of this sort difficult for any but the very rich, or those with a one-way ticket.

When one comes to European travel the pool is swept by the Duchess of Kent. The Queen's first glimpse of "unofficial" France was only when her 'plane had to touch down for the night at Nice on the way to Malta.

But for something over a quarter of a century Europe has been a bad security risk for royalties, although judging from its Press, nothing would please more than a restitution of several monarchies.

Surely there is a lesson to be learned from what some of us feel to be the most valuable feature of the Royal yacht: its official horror of noise.

No loudspeaker disturbs the silence, no orders are shouted, nothing is allowed to go GONG! or BANG!

The Britannia to-day is a shrine of silence, a repository of all that was most serene in the Victorian age.

Suppose things quiet became the thing fashionable? That some great man stood up and said that, if the affairs of the world are tangled to distraction, might it not be because no one has peace enough to think? That statesmen who spend their working lives in four-engined airplanes may not achieve that repose necessary to a just contemplation of the international scene?

Noise was scarcely absent from the Victorian age. Men not rich enough to have the streets outside their London homes piled with straw, when ill, were believed by the highest medical authorities to succumb to the clatter of horses' hooves on macadam.

If the lesson of the Royal yacht's traditional banning of multisonous clamour is carried to every quarter of these islands, then £2,000,000 will not be a penny too much to have paid for a vessel which few can say—seeing it as it lay in the Pool of London last week—has many outward graces.

FANCIFUL man watching a recent ceremonial event on television wondered whether the day would ever come when everyone would be watching at home and an event would take place in deserted streets, so that in the end the principal participants would engage doubles to "stand in" for them, while they stayed by their firesides to enjoy the show.

I should judge the time to be very far distant.

Something of the sort was faintly suggested at the time of V-E Day, when the two Princesses went out into the crowd at night to see the King and Queen on the balcony.

And it might be observed that an audience is not really necessary for the correct carrying out of a ceremony, as Lady Godiva may have pointed out.

OUR recent article in The TATLER on Charterhouse concerned itself only with the School at Godalming, and not with the delightful sanctuary in the City, from which it sprang.

ARTISTS

COURT PAINTER

My secret, sir? Assuredly not Art,
Or even Craft, but just that I impart
A touch of Pompadour to Mrs. Gough,
And give Smith-Jones an air of Romanoff.

EN PLEIN AIR

I squat on pavements daubing this and that
While folk drop coppers in my little hat.
How happily we hear as they pass by
That clink, clink, clink, my little hat and I!

EPITAPH

None that ever rode in hearse
Drew so ill or painted worse.
None was less an artist, none
More superbly looked like one.

—Eric Chilman

I have just heard that once more there are brethren in residence at old Charterhouse, a baker's dozen of elderly gentlemen living a sort of "grace-and-favour" existence in what was, before its blitzing, a walled community of unique quality.

Shortly after the 1940 bombing I took a very young Carthusian on a pilgrimage through the buildings and grounds, into what was formerly one of the finest Elizabethan halls in existence. Already the vacant windows were sprouting wild flowers. A ghostly experience.

It was these grounds that saw the birth of Soccer, evolved from many a more brutal form of schoolboy exercise. When the school left the place to the old gentlemen in the 'seventies, they took with them many of the arch stones, generously carved with names, to set up in the cloisters at Godalming.

PERHAPS the best known of the elderly brethren of recent years was scarcely a typical resident.

"Old Odell" was a rather naughty old gentleman, with no respect at all for his great age. He ambled between Charterhouse and his special chair in the "north-west" room of the old Savage Club in Adelphi Terrace, a raffish figure with a straggling white beard and a black sombrero; a left-over from Victorian bohemianism. He and white-bearded "Trader" Horn (of the book and film) would have made an interesting pair to follow round on a West End cruise at night, Odell possibly enlivening

things with his celebrated cackle of the "Harvest Home." Only a month ago I heard a gramophone record of his voice lifted in this same song.

How old the adventurer Horn was I do not know, but he behaved like a young just-landed sailor when he came to London some twenty-five years ago.

E. J. Odell died about that time at the estimated age of 93. Or was it 103?

A GREAT deal of nonsense is usually written every time espionage comes into the news.

It all depends, as our old friend the Professor said, what you mean by the word spying.

Every Service attaché of an Embassy is in a sense spying out the land. I often wonder what else ours in Moscow—and theirs in London—are supposed to do with themselves all day long?

What remains constant is the incredible stupidity of most professional (should one say extra-mural?) spies. Two English ones who came to my immediate notice on the Continent some years ago were caught, convicted and did a term of imprisonment.

Yet most of the material they gathered so painfully could have been obtained by any accredited journalist, not by asking for it from the Government concerned, but simply by ringing up the British Embassy.

Those two were exceptions. For the greater part there is some quality in the English character that lends itself to intelligence work—in a jolly decent sort of way.

Possibly because we have so many adult schoolboys always with us.

JUST about this time every year, when the first warm weather arrives, one can hear men of discernment remark on the surprising number of pretty girls who have suddenly appeared on the scene.

Is there a rebuke in this for dress designers?

The more simply dressed the typical English girl is, the more likely she is to seem attractive, not through perfection of figure, but rather that she seldom knows how to wear clothes. Evidence of this is that she is at her best in the simplicity of tweeds.

Or in a cotton frock on a hot June morning with a blue sky and laughter in the air.

—Gordon Beckles



Mrs. Hanbury, the owner of Hylands, welcoming Mrs. Parker and Hon. Col. J. O. Parker to the ball



Mr. Tim Derouet was sitting out on the stairs for a while with Miss E. V. Charrington



Col. Sir Francis Whitmore, the Lord Lieutenant, talking to Lt.-Col. R. B. Gosling, the C.O., and Mrs. Gosling

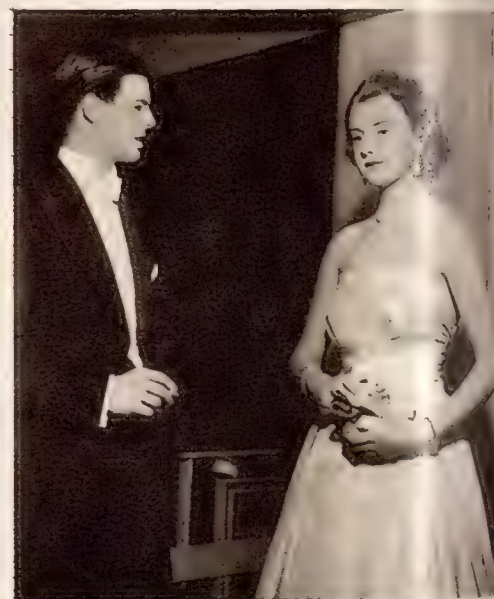
Interludes at the Essex Yeomanry Regimental Ball held at Hylands, Chelmsford



Miss Roisine Preston, wearing a striking gown, was about to go on to the dance floor with Mr. James Newton for a quick-step. The Red Hat, emblem of the ball, is taken from the coat-of-arms of Christ Church College, founded by Cardinal Wolsey

RED HAT WAS TOKEN AT PARK LANE BALL

OXFORD came to Mayfair for the Red Hat Ball, main financial stay of the work done in South-East London by the Christ Church United Clubs. It was a most successful evening, the company of 850 at Grosvenor House enjoying dinner, a beer garden and a midnight cabaret, as well as dancing and sideshows



Mr. Humphrey Swire was asking Miss Philippa Montgomerie for the pleasure of the next dance



Probable behaviour of a sixpence dropped into water to cover a penny lying on the tank bottom was the subject of advice from Miss Venetia Fane and Mr. Tim Maxwell to Miss Lucinda Pennington



Mrs. Edward Des Graz, chairman of the ball, showing her tombola prize to Mr. John Clench



The great number of tombola prizes aroused general delight, as here expressed by two fortunate couples, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Owen, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter R. Simnett, with their prizes



Watching the cabaret together were Miss Caroline Acton and Mr. Peregrine Bertie



Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Craig-Harvey making their way to the ballroom after dinner



Sideshows also richly proliferated. Standing beside one, much amused, were Major and Mrs. Anthony Way, Mr. Paul Methuen and the Countess of Mansfield, who was president of the ball

Gabor Denes



DINING OUT

Methuselah Of Wines

THOSE who like table-talk on the pleasures of the table—flavoured with fine-sounding names—should enjoy the catalogue of the lamented Larue's sale of its wines in Paris.

The cellars of this discreet restaurant opposite the Madeleine were indeed "renowned."

It must have been fun to be able to tell the *sommelier* to bring up a bottle of Fine Champagne Clos du Greffier 1738, even for the sake of looking at the bottle. For what could be inside perhaps only Larue's knew! But some antique brandies do renew their lives every so-many years in a strange way. There is table-talk for you!

The number of vintages dating from the 'Nineties gives a clue to Larue's own golden age.

There was a lot of Chateau Filhot '93. This was the vineyard which once created a record by not finishing its harvest-gathering until after Christmas, so slowly did the grapes achieve "noble rottenness."

Larue's is but the latest of the great restaurants from a more leisurely past to have gone. Not for them the two-hour lunch; three upwards was preferred. Voisin's, in the Faubourg St. Honore, was another of these aristocratic resorts. Their names have been taken by anything from a Soho *table d'hôte* to a coffee bar.

SIMPSON'S (in the Strand).—This will be a memorable summer for Simpson's, where the big sirloins are now back again in reasonable supply. They are unveiled daily at noon. Don't forget sixpence for the carver, a habit largely in disuse for a decade.

This must be one of the few upper bracket restaurants which encourages the serving of draught beers in tankards. It also has a smoking-room for men only, appointed like a club. Note to first-time visitors: don't expect an English chop-house atmosphere. There was once an old Simpson's on this spot, but for many years past it has had a "restaurant" setting.

IN Jermyn Street the grocers, Messrs. Paxton and Whitfield, have at last resumed their traditional role of cheesemongers *de luxe*. A visit to their window display of recent weeks has been a tantalising and instructive experience.

They started off with a couple of Gruyère, the size of millstones and weighing 200 lb. apiece. Later they followed with a display of Cheddars, each one 70 lb.

You may range over Blue Dorsets, Stiltons and Double Gloucesters—the cheeses which made this island supreme in its class—before coming to the foreign cheeses.

Camemberts, Bries, Danish Blues, Bel Paeses, St. Paulin's, Roqueforts, Port Saluts and Gorgonzolas. Not a piece of mouse-trap in sight

—I. Bickerstaff



*Standing: Mr. C. McColl, Miss B. Cowan, Mr. Michael Tillotson, Mr. C. Roulatt, Miss V. Marsh and Mr. G. L. Tillotson.
Sitting down: Mrs. Tillotson and Miss J. Tillotson*



From their dinner table, Miss Patricia Firth, Mr. Robin Peers, Miss Mary Foster and Mr. Peter Pearson watched the Maids of Honour begin to assemble

DEBUTANTES MADE THEIR BOW TO THE NEW SEASON

ONE of the earliest and most eagerly awaited events of the young people's social year is the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, held under the presidency of Lady Howard de Walden, C.B.E. Approximately 300 debutantes assembled at Grosvenor House for a delightful evening, which is described in detail by Jennifer on pages 445-6



Lady with a fan was Miss Gay Pinckney, who accepted an invitation to dance from her partner, Mr. Peter Heath



Preparing to join their friends on the dance-floor were Miss Joanna Finlison, Miss Caroline Rich and Miss Alyson Glover



Mr. William Patterson proposed a toast to the new debutantes, and was joined by Mrs. W. Patterson (left), Miss Valerie Hall and Mr. Hugh Jackson



Watching the cabaret were Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith, Mr. Desmond Pryor, Miss Sally O'Dwyer, Mr. Ian Ley and Miss Moyra Harrison



Miss Jill Mason and Miss Ann G. Savage with their pieces of birthday cake



Miss Sally Clive was being partnered by Mr. John Smiley in a slow fox-trot



Mr. Victor Black and Mr. Ronaldo da Rocha toasted their partners, Miss Carol Guadagni and Miss Anna Tsami during a rest between dances



Highlight of the evening was the historic Birthday Cake ceremony. The cake was cut by Mary, Duchess of Devonshire, C.B.E., who received a piece from Miss Tatiana Orloff

Swaade



THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR to France, H.E. Sir Gladwyn Jebb, with members of the British Embassy just before Sir Gladwyn called on President Coty to present his credentials. From the left are Mr. Lees Mayall (First Secretary), Capt. E. Hale, R.N. (Naval Attaché), Mr. Patrick Reilly (Minister), the Ambassador, Brig. G. A. C. McNab (Military Attaché), Air Cdre. A. D. Selway (Air Attaché), and Mr. E. T. Lambert (Consul-General)

Priscilla in Paris

Rather Too Much Of The Maypole

IN pre-World War I, Tsarist times, it seems that there were too many fête days in Russia. France appears to be getting that way, too! No doubt that this is all to the good of the toilers and spinners, but when a fête day precedes or follows a Sunday, the lilies of the field, who merely dally with pen and ink, find it somewhat blightful to be two whole days without letters or newspapers.

Then, when two such week-ends follow each other, with an intermission of only five days, the whole business becomes rather much of a muchness.

Last week we celebrated Labour Day, a festival that may well go down to the end of time, but this week we trip, trip around the maypole for a war anniversary. Not all of us are quite sure which war or which anniversary.

There was quite a get-together in honour of the arrival in Paris of the members of the *ballet franco-soviétique*, who were due to appear at the Grand Opera House. Eighty-year-old comrade Marcel Cachin and comparatively boyish comrade Marquis de Cuevas (who was present in a purely dilettante capacity) were the cynosure of a hundred staring eyes as they amiably chatted with comrade prima ballerina Ulanova. Alas, this winter sunshine retreated only too swiftly.

M. PIERRE DESCAGES, administrator of the Comédie Française, who has given us a thrilling account of his recent voyage to Russia, was accompanied by many members of the Comedy to whom he is now affectionately known as the Dove. One wonders whether Comrade Picasso will be jealous. Comrade-poet Aragon and

Comrade-Prix-Goncourt-novelist Elsa Triolet also joined the happy, peaceful throng, and a tovaritch time was had by all. The Russian dancers appeared to enjoy the champagne and sweets as much as the French players enjoyed the vodka and *zakouska* during their visit to Moscow, but, so far as I'm concerned, *petits fours* are not a patch on caviare!

Which reminds me. It is too, too sad the way so many great Parisian restaurants have vanished over the years. I can remember Paillard's and the glowing, golden ceiling from which portraits of celebrated lovelies smiled down upon *Tout Paris*. Foyot's, staid and a little gloomy, on the left bank, in the shadow of the Senate. Voisin's, screened from the passers-by with heavy, guipure curtains, and now Larue's, all palms-in-pots, crimson velvet and gilt *amorini*; a setting that had become so supremely absurd of late years that even the world-famous cellar ceased to attract epicurean youth. It closed down last April, and to-day the wines are being sold.

ONLY one of the really great restaurants has survived. I cannot remember Paris without Prunier's. I was taken there as a small school-girl long, long years ago, alas, before 1914. For the first time I tasted the divine dish that is a perfect *Homard à la Crème*. I had two helpings. After that, mama insisted that I should have "something light"; the veal, *braisé aux carottes*, was a dream of ineffable delight!

"And what will mademoiselle take for dessert?" asked the benign *maitre d'hôtel*. I did not even glance at the carte, but gawped up at him with what must have been languishing adoration. "Some more *homard à la crème*, please!" I murmured shyly but firmly, and never will I forget mama's horrified gasp or the sympathy expressed by the flicker of amusement that appeared, for a moment, in the well-trained employee's eye.

Although I have made up for it many times since those far-off days, I shall always regret that third helping!

UNTIL quite recently, Prunier's remained faithful to the somewhat prim, old-fashioned décor that we have always known and liked; now it has been modernised, but cleverly and pleasantly, without detracting from the atmosphere of the "*grande, vieille maison*" that old Parisians love and that knowledgeable young ones are proud of.

We treat our foreign guests and out-of-town visitors to snack-bars when we are in a hurry to rush them round to the Folies-Bergère or the Olympia, or even to the near-by Grand Opera House; but when we want to show them that Paris still knows how to eat—and drink—we take them to Prunier's.

Enfin!

● It was the late Marcel Boulestin who proclaimed that: "The stars in the hair of the Blessed Damsel were seven, but the Arts in France are now nine: Peinture, Sculpture, Architecture, Gravure, Littérature, Musique et Danse, Cinégraphie, Mode and . . . Cuisine!"



The Hon. Caroline Cust arrived at St. Wulfram's Church, Grantham, Lincolnshire, on the arm of her father, Lord Brownlow, who gave her away

LORD BROWNLOW'S ONLY DAUGHTER MARRIED

OVER two hundred guests from London, and nearly eight hundred altogether, attended the wedding of the Hon. Caroline Cust, only daughter of Lord Brownlow and the late Lady Brownlow, to Mr. John Partridge at St. Wulfram's Church, Grantham. Despite the cold weather the many guests enjoyed a memorable and happy day

[Continued overleaf]



The bridesmaids Victoria and Harriet Kinloch, Jane Astor and Carolyn Magor with Caroline Mason and Sally McCorquodale in front, after the service



Lady Napier, Mr. R. Worsley, Miss V. Rogerson, Mrs. R. Worsley and Mrs. John Rogerson arrived together for the ceremony



Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Baring, the Hon. Katharine Norton and Mr. Thomas Baring on their way to the church

Continuing —

WEDDING THAT MADE ITS OWN SUNSHINE

AN overcast sky had no effect on the spirits of principals and guests at the reception after the wedding of Lord Brownlow's daughter, and they took every opportunity to stroll and talk over the day's great event in the beautiful grounds of Belton House, Grantham. An account of the occasion is given by Jennifer on pp. 443-4



Mrs. Tom Abell, Mr. Leslie Dawson and Mrs. H. Attwood were three of the guests at Belton House



Mrs. Hugh Astor was in company with Mrs. Bromley-Davenport and the Hon. John Norton, son and heir of Lord Granley



By a beautiful flower-covered mantel, typical of the decorations throughout the mansion, Mr. John Askew (right), secretary to Lord Brownlow, was pledging the health of the bride and bridegroom



The parents of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. C. Partridge, were arriving at the church of St. Wulfram



Capt. the Hon. E. Digby, who is Lord Digby's son and heir, was accompanied by Mrs. Digby



Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne were also among the gathering who offered felicitations to the young couple



The Lord and Countess of Gainsborough had come from their residence at Oakham



Lord Sherwood, Joint Under-Secretary of State for Air during the war, was with Mrs. John Ranger



The Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Cayzer were two others who journeyed to Lincolnshire for the occasion



Sir George Briggs, a leading steel industrialist, came from Leamington with Lady Briggs



Waiting to see the honeymoon departure were the Countess of Lonsdale, Miss Pamela Turnor, Mrs. Alastair McCorquodale and Major H. B. Turnor

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing
By ...

CHAP in morning traffic-rush to the City recently. Car stops suddenly. Out of petrol. Chap nonplussed. No good signalling passing oafs. Chap thinks quickly. Got it. Pretty niece in back of car. Hoicks her out to push alone. Sweet. Pathetic. Ten seconds later two cars stop, crazy to help. In ten seconds more, third car stops, offering spare petrol. Problem solved. Pretty niece re-stowed. Away.

This is the bare scenario of a *Times* letter detailing a rescue-plan with only one flaw in it, so far as we can see; namely that if a pretty niece happens (as often) to be in non-co-operative mood, and Uncle has to use a little force, she may start kicking and screaming. A crowd will then collect and a frightful scene will ensue. I say, sir. Look here, sir. One moment, sir. Confound you, sir. What's that, sir? Excuse me, sir. . . .

Our solution is the hiring, via the Swiftsure Agency, of professional breakdown-hostesses with large, wistful blue eyes, mouths like a Cupid's bow, and great tears trembling on long curly lashes as they strive to push the horrid old car—the type which in stage-circles sets the hearts of stout, red-faced men in gold chains aflame as these exquisitely fragile birds of Paradise fumble bravely with trowels or keys, so that even thorough surveyors would gladly die for them. Ssst! Pssst! Hold that alderman!

Joe and Izzy tell us they can supply this line to motorists at 10s. 6d. per working hour; fingernails filed, third-party risks covered, food by arrangement, no after-commitments.

Crawl

It takes all sorts (as Babs Hargreaves used to say laughingly) to make a world, so let us not be too critical of a chap, describing himself as an archaeo-speleogeologist, who proposes to spend some time on his stomach under the Dordogne and is advertising for a buddy with similar propensities.

Of the gracious air of the leafy Dordogne, its birds and flowers, its sunshine and vineyards, its soul and centre, the town of St. Emilion—where

heroic Madame Bouquey hid the Girondins and died for it—and its atmosphere of perpetual summer, the archaeo-speleogeologist boys will not know anything. They will be crawling underground like worms in deep, dark caves, tapping here and there with little hammers and exchanging dry observations. The flat roofs and the Romanesque will bring them no waft of the South. No draught of Barsac can give them "April woods and the first flowers." At high, stupendous Rocamadour they will blink twice and dive quickly into the earth's bowels again. One is apt to boo such troglodytes, but it is their nature to shun the light of day and, in their way, they are relatively happy.

Event

FIFTY years ago this month Rolls first met Royce—an historic occasion, as the publicity boys have rightly been reminding the Race. Almost equally so must be Debenham's first fraternal embrace with Freebody (to us, rather like a Fra Angelico painting), Fortnum's first handgrip with Mason, and the first meeting of Knight, Frank and Rutley, maybe at an evening party. ("Something tells me you three bid fair to become great friends," one can hear their hostess cooing, and she was bang right, the discerning poppet.)

What all these big boys, and many others, said to each other is unrecorded, alas, and as difficult to imagine as the celebrated chat on the beach at Felpham, Sussex, one summer evening in 1802 between the poet-painter Blake and the tall, veiled figures of Dante, Milton and the Patriarch Job. One gathers from Blake that a good time was had by all. Pacing this same beach—less than half a mile from the Fox Inn—at sunset more than once, we've doubted it strongly. Oh, but strongly.

Afterthought

MORE likely the interview went more or less thus, Dante, as a Florentine, being the most responsive of the group:

Blake: Hallo there, Dante.

Dante (vaguely): Hallo, there.

(Paces along the beach with Milton and Job, deep in conversation. As they return Blake waves, Dante stops.)

Dante: Let's see . . . Capocchio of Siena, isn't it?

Met you in Hell? Tenth circle of Malebolge?

Blake: Blake. W. Blake, London.

Dante: My mistake, Blake.

(Rejoins the others. Next time they pass the surly Milton pauses to spit deliberately on Blake's portfolio.)

Blake (hurt): That's no way to treat a mystic, Milton.

Milton: Mystic in a pig's eye, Blake.

(They pass on. At the third return the Patriarch Job frowns at Blake and stops.)

Job: Your name W. Blake?

Blake: That's right, Job.

Job: You look cuckoo to me, Blake.

(All three figures vanish.)

And that was probably that. The Patriarch was, of course, right, but don't tell the Intelligentsia.

Tile

ONE of the questions to be discussed before the new Regiment of Canadian Guards is finally affiliated with the Brigade, a chap in close touch tells us, may concern the adoption overseas of the bowler hat in mufti; a difficult topic.

Difficult (says this chap) because so far only the Brigade, as is well known, can wear the bowler with distinction. The explanation is physiopsychological and militaro-aesthetic. What the average civilian pan looks like under this peculiar hat everybody knows, alas. Kipling sums it up tersely enough:

*If you can wear the bland and bulbous Bowler,
And stick to it in sorrow and in joy
Yours is the game; no headgear could be droller;
And, what is more, you'll look a cad, my boy.*

What the Canadian military chiefly fear, apparently, is being mistaken in bowlers, by a certain type of chickenbrained blonde, for business men. A smart tap on the chignon from some bystander would remove this illusion, but, except in self-defence, Canadians are averse to the Old Country practice of striking women. "We're still a young nation," as a Canadian friend explained to us last week.

Fortunately they lack most of our other neuroses (for example, the old Scottish panic-cry, "There's a moose i' the hoose!") merely brings a glint into their keen eyes). Maybe a bearskin bowler, as worn in the Rockies, might meet the case?

Sweethearts

WE beg the Min. of Agriculture to recognize, officially, Britain's rural poison-pen girls, one of whom was in trouble with the cops again recently, poor sweet. Apart from being typical English Roses, usually the life and soul of the Women's Institute, often playing the organ on Sundays with a deft and skilful touch (especially in Bunnett in B-flat), these sweethearts are a permanently stimulating feature in contemporary village life, as everybody knows.

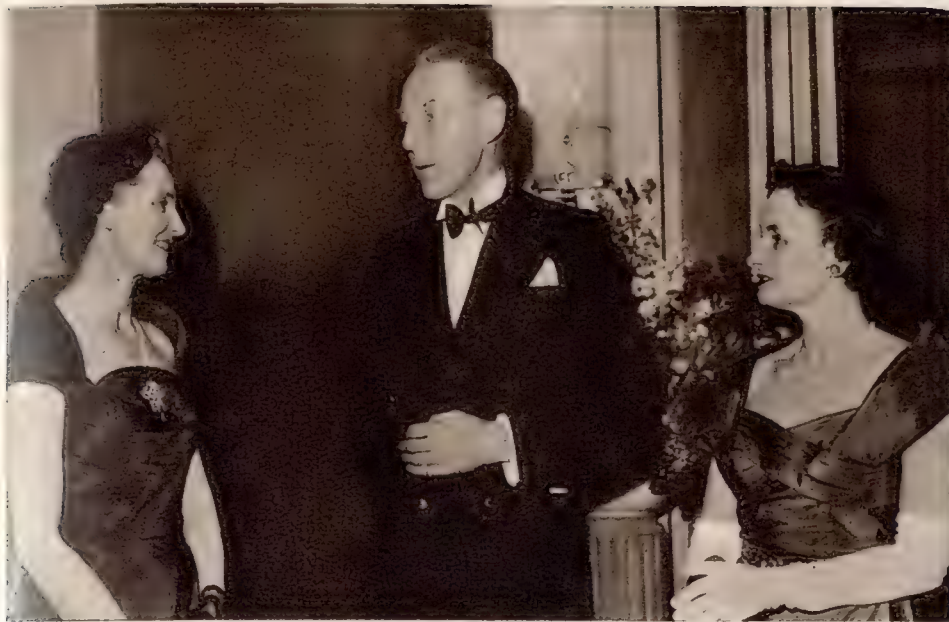
Their constant effect on the locals, who would otherwise be sunk in hoggish apathy, is to rouse them to bouncing life and vigour. Sometimes, no doubt, the girls strike a wrong note with their homework. When Granny Mumble down our way, for example, gets off the county-town bus with a fresh 5-lb. tin of weedkiller, the rude forefathers automatically begin dusting the mothballs out of their Sunday blacks. To accuse poor old Granny anonymously of arson and cattle-maiming is therefore cruel and unjust; it is not her line at all. Similarly with Major Harkaway, who, although polygamous and a martyr to D.T.s, is certainly no offender against the Swine Fever Act. However, such slips are rectifiable.

We ask the Nature boys to co-operate with the Min.; especially those who write on country life in glossy weeklies. They concentrate far too much on birdies and flowers, while right under their noses country life seethes and vibrates with drama and actuality. They might also help the girls to brush up their spelling occasionally.

~~~~~ BRIGGS . . . . by Graham ~~~~~







Col. A. D. Dodds-Parker, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who replied to the toast of "H.M. Government," was here in conversation with Lady Cook (left) and Mrs. Dodds-Parker

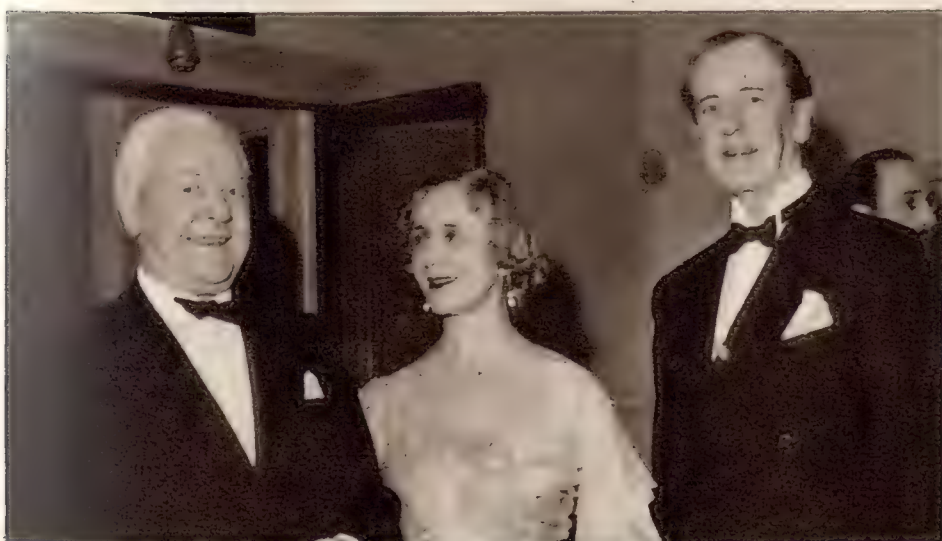


Maj. J. H. Moxham and Miss G. Scully had a thoughtful discussion before dinner over an aperitif



Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Luxembourg Society, paused for a few words with Lady Otto Lund

**GOODWILL AMONG NATIONS** is the object of the Luxembourg Society, whose annual dinner took place recently. At this successful event for promoting friendly relations between Britain and the Grand Duchy the guests included H.E. M. André Clasen, Luxembourg Minister in London, and other diplomatists



M. Pierre Bausch, hon. secretary of the Society, met two of his close friends, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, at the Normandie Hotel

## THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"We'll just put in fertiliser this year. Can't afford flowers as well"

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

WHEN the boxer came round he found himself alone in his dressing-room except for his second, who was hovering anxiously over him.

After he had stared dazedly at his second for a moment, they began to talk about the fight. ★

"There's no doubt you had him worried," said the second, and then, as the boxer began to brighten a little, he added: "He thought he'd killed you."

THE small boy had been to Sunday School for the first time that morning, and on his return his mother asked what he had done there.

"We sang," said the little boy.

"What did you sing?" inquired his mother.

"I don't know what the rest of them sang," he answered, "but I sang 'Teddy Bears' Picnic.'"

ON meeting the performers at a circus, a visitor was introduced to a sword swallower. Not having seen his act, the visitor asked him to demonstrate his art, whereupon the man apparently swallowed some pins and needles.

"But," protested the visitor, "those aren't swords; they're only pins and needles."

"I know," was the reply, "but I'm on a diet."

SEATED next to a young girl at a dinner party, an elderly man was making conversation.

"You know," he said, "I've seen so many changes in my rather long life that I really can't keep up with them. Take such a commonplace thing as the radio, for instance; it's shameful to admit it, but even now I don't really understand how it works."

"Honestly?" said the girl, opening her eyes wide. "Why, it's awfully easy. You just turn a knob and it comes on."



## At The Pictures

HIGHEST MARK  
FOR CAMELOT

Robert Taylor and Ava Gardner as Lancelot and Guinevere

It is very pleasant to be able to say that, in *Knights of the Round Table* (Empire), the Arthurian legend reaches the screen for the first time in recognisable and literate shape. It must have struck producer Pandro Berman and director Richard Thorpe that Malory's romance is quite a good story, and they have more or less left it alone. After all,

what script-writer could better the triangle of King Arthur, Guinevere and Sir Lancelot?

The CinemaScope screen seems to have been invented to accommodate the colourful pageantry of this production, which is worth seeing on this account alone. Costumes and sets are splendid.

By the simple expedient of having a script in plain, pure English, the mixture of English and American accents goes almost unnoticed. Robert Taylor cuts a gallant figure as Sir Lancelot. I would have liked Mel Ferrer to make a more forceful character of Arthur. Ava Gardner is not the ideal choice for Guinevere, but she certainly does not let the queen down on looks, if less satisfying in other respects. Anne Crawford and Stanley Baker make a wicked pair as Morgan Le Fay and Modred, and Felix Aylmer is a good Merlin. The cast sometimes seems overawed by its own dignity, but there could have been worse faults.

THE eternal triangle gets more up-to-date treatment in *Carnival Story* (Leicester Square), a story of circus life. It starts with the shapely Anne Baxter being given a job by Steve Cochran on account of her stealing his wallet, and really gets going when Lyle Bettger proposes to her 110 ft. up on a high-diving platform to which she has graduated from dish-washing. Wisely she accepts.

It has all the box-office ingredients of thrills and spills and violent love-affairs. I note from my programme that my American colleagues have used terms like "tense and turbulent," "sizzles and shocks," "searing spectacle" and "spine-tingling suspense." Surprisingly, it is not as bad as all that, and, if you like this kind of thing, it is above average, with some creditable acting.

NO human beings appear in Walt Disney's meritorious *The Living Desert* (Studio One). Little is lost by this omission, for the desert creatures exhibit many of the passions—love, hate, cruelty, fear, jealousy—which are the stuff of human drama.

Disney has dedicated himself to the task of showing us that the non-human world is as interesting and dramatic as the human, and this is another achievement inside that purpose. Music and photography—in the American desert—enhance the subject, as always with Disney.

You see tortoises fighting in rivalry for a mate, hawks hunting bats on the wing, scorpions courting, lizards dining on daisies, the kangaroo-rat outwitting the deadly rattlesnake, the monstrous tarantula, and many other fascinating chapters from nature's story-book.

The film ends with some lovely photography of the exotic flowers which floods conjure to brief, brilliant life in this arid wilderness.

—Dennis W. Clarke



In the match between Cowdray Park, the winners, and the 10th Hussars, Major J. de B. Carey, Hussars' back, is about to backhand the ball away from his goal-line. Left is Mr. A. J. Craig Harvey, Cowdray Park's No. 2

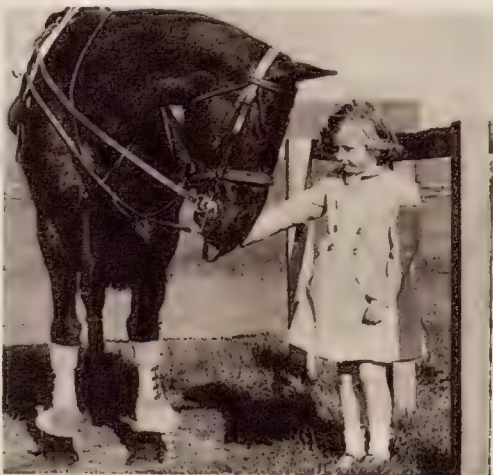
TIME ROLLED BACK to 1871 at the opening of the 1954 British polo season at Cowdray Park, for one of the new, low-handicap teams chiefly engaged consisted of officers of the 10th Hussars, who played the 9th Lancers at Hounslow in the first English polo match. Spectators at Cowdray saw the home team and Red Lodge qualify for the final of the Tyro Cup, which Cowdray eventually won



Two experienced players, Mr. J. Lakin and Lt. Col. P. W. Dollar, watch the first round of the Tyro Cup match



Mrs. Peter Spencer and her daughter, Lady Denyne Butler, were enjoying the Sandhurst v. Sea Horses B game



Four-year-old Edwina Mansell, whose mother once played in international polo, makes friends with a pony



The Hon. Mrs. J. Lakin, Viscountess Cowdray's sister, played for Pipers Hill against Mixed Grill





The game was not without its humours for spectators Miss Alexandra Welch and Miss Gina Alston



Lt.-Col. A. A. N. Tuck, 10th Hussars player, with Mrs. Tuck and their sons, Nicholas and Richard, who were on holiday from Stonyhurst



Desmond O'Neill  
Miss M. Davis, Mrs. R. A. Charlesworth and Miss R. O'Reilly watch the finish of a hotly-contested chukka



SHERBORNE SCHOOL CRICKET 1ST XI. Standing: J. D. F. Tucker, A. D. Pickering, A. J. R. Waterfield, J. Lawrence. Sitting: D. W. Kenyon, R. Preston, P. M. Wright, C. J. M. Marshall, A. J. T. Brown. On ground: P. D. Cowell, G. P. Gent

## OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS The Great Roll Of Sherborne

• S. A. PATMAN •

ALTHOUGH the evidence is not conclusive, there is much to suggest that when King Edward VI. founded Sherborne School in 1550, it was the re-establishment of a school which had existed in close connection with Sherborne Abbey from the days of St. Aldhelm in the eighth century. The earliest master of whom there is documentary evidence extant was Thomas Copeland, 1437.

Some of the old buildings still in use are of monastic origin. The present Chapel of Sherborne School was in olden days the Abbots' Hall, and the Library and School House studies were at one time part of the Benedictine Monastery of Sherborne. These buildings are grouped mainly round Bell Court, which is bordered on the south by the wall of the Abbey with its massive buttresses; and the Great School built by Sir Reginald Blomfield in 1879 is situated in Great Court.

The history of Sherborne is like that of many similar foundations; it remained a small school until the first half of the nineteenth century when, with others, it began to develop into a modern public school. About that period a number of schools migrated to country estates, but Sherborne School has remained *in situ* in the pleasant and historic Dorset town which name it bears; its houses are dotted about the town, once the capital of the West Saxon kingdom. Sherborne has been the training ground of the great West Country families, and generations of Raleighs, Careys, Drakes, Chichesters and Hawkins are to be found on its rolls.

CRICKET is the senior game at Sherborne since a school team existed in 1858, twenty years before some form of football was played. One cannot assess the standard of cricket at a particular school on its output of first-class cricketers alone. Sherborne, for instance, is not situated in a first-class cricket county; which may exclude many of its best players from graduating into county class. Yet, in spite of this, the school holds a high place among the leading cricket schools during the last fifty years.

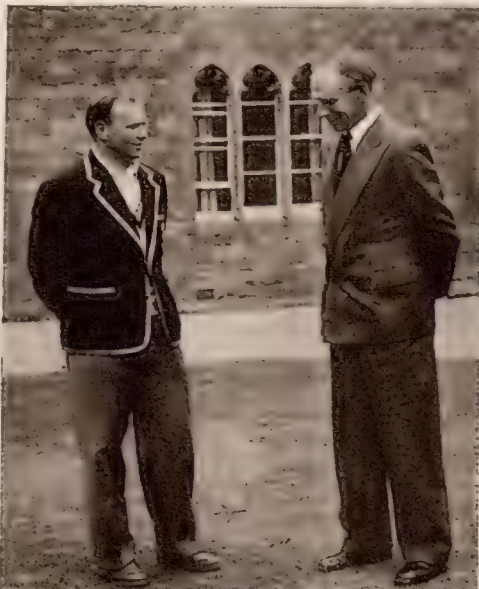
In the small but select band of first-class cricketers, the name of F. E. Lacey, later Sir Francis, figures prominently for his services to the game as secretary of the M.C.C. for twenty-six years. Another outstanding personality that comes back to memory,

Arthur W. Carr, captain of every game save cricket at Sherborne, became captain of Notts at the early age of twenty-five, and in 1926 was chosen to lead England against Australia. During his career he made over 21,000 runs and scored forty-five centuries in first-class cricket.

In recent times D. S. Sheppard has reached England status. His brilliant batting and inspiring leadership of Sussex last year was an outstanding feature of the cricket season. Many other Old Shirburnians have appeared in the highest grade of cricket and the Minor Counties. It is at least possible that the main function of a school like Sherborne, and others like it, may be its contribution to club cricket, so essential to the future of the game. In this connection, one must not omit mention of Sherborne Pilgrims and their tour. These Old Boys' sides from the various schools play an invaluable part in maintaining the game.

MANY Old Shirburnians have made their mark in international, university and county Rugby from the time H. T. Twynam first played for England in 1881. Among those who have worn the white jersey of England are G. M. Carey, Sir T. G. Devitt, W. E. Tucker, J. A. Tallent, P. L. Candler and G. C. Rittson-Thomas.

Sherborne has been for many years one of the best Rugby schools in the country, and the high standard of the past has been well maintained in post-war years. In 1953 the West Country school were worthy winners of the Public Schools' Sevens in their first appearance in the final of the tournament.



The headmaster, Mr. R. W. Powell, M.A. (right), chatting with M. M. Walford, the Somerset cricketer and hockey international, who is master-in-charge of cricket at Sherborne





Peter Grurgeon

ANTHONY ROSSITER, who is shortly to hold his first exhibition of drawings and paintings at the Black Hall, St. Giles's, Oxford, is here working on a canvas in his cottage on the edge of the Berkshire Downs. He first started to paint seriously at Eton, and resumed following service in the Welsh Guards. At the same exhibition the Marquess of Queensberry is showing pottery

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# Doom Lurked in His Knapsack

**S**URPRISINGLY few novels have linked up the two World Wars, from the point of view of a character seeing service in both. Yet enough men did so—among them was Bruce Marshall. Not resting on the laurels of *The White Rabbit*, or the reputation which his preceding works have gained him abroad as well as at home, this author now gives us a story which fills the bill—*ONLY FADE AWAY* (Constable; 12s. 6d.).

Let us hope there is no one with soul so dead as to fail to know the origin of the title; or, indeed, its signification—which Mr. Marshall fully and rightfully exploits. His unfailing touch on our sympathies, his power of presenting a hard case—with, at the same time, a saving irony—are here put once more to telling use. For the hero of *Only Fade Away* is God's good man, subjected to a malignant run of bad luck.

**T**HE hero, Strange Methuen, born in Edinburgh just before the close of the last century, is, throughout, a prey to faith in humanity. Destined by his mother for the Regular Army, son of a father who is a pig-headed rather than devout adherent of the Scottish Episcopal Church, our hero is sent to one of those dubious schools our novelists sombrely love to picture. "Perhaps," Mr. Marshall remarks, "the reason for the bullying and the vice at Braemount in 1907 was the reduced fees granted to the sons of clergymen." Even at Braemount, however, Methuen is unwilling to believe that his fellows could deliberately refrain from trying to be good—"it was this unwillingness," we are told, "which was to be one of the causes of his tragedy." Interference in a bullying episode lands him up in a fight—only too victorious, for thus he acquires a lifelong enemy.

Or, all but lifelong—the crowning irony is that the suave and specious Hermiston's change of heart, and belated testimony in our hero's

favour, is instrumental in causing the final downfall. Melodrama, it should be said, is present plentifully in this novel. But so is common sense, also rueful laughter. Methuen is no prig; he is a simpleton; he is, moreover, a cracking sentimentalist, with an appropriately sentimental vocabulary—given, moreover, to ponderous, rather touching, often-repeated jokes. That Mr. Marshall makes us like him—and like him not in spite of, but because of it—should be regarded as a triumph.

**M**ETHUEN finds himself, in 1917, on active service in France as a subaltern in a Scottish regiment. His epic power of getting into a false position is now, and not for the last time, to display itself: taking up orders wrongly, he is accused of cowardice, and acquitted only for want of proof. The dismal, quite unwarranted charge is, thanks to the malignant activities of Hermiston, never quite to be able to lapse from memory—Methuen, soldier by temperament, but also hoping and waiting to clear his name, remains on as a Regular in the peacetime Army, throughout the frustrating inter-war years. So however, unhappily, does his persecutor. And Fiona, the sufferer's shallow wife, is far from indifferent to Hermiston's charms.

Typically, Methuen has married the wrong woman—the wrong one, that is, of two sisters with whom at first jointly he fell in love. Kirsty, who should have been his mate, gives one heartbroken exclamation—"Oh, how could you!"—and disappears into a convent; where, as a teaching nun, she afterwards supervises the education of the child Methuen believes to be his daughter.

Love interest, however, remains secondary: *Only Fade Away* deals chiefly with military life. With an eagerness he is not at pains to conceal, Methuen awaits the outbreak of World War II.—and the story zooms forward

once this occurs. Alas, alas, however, nothing goes right: the relentless fatality crops up again. Thanks once more to Hermiston, Methuen mislays himself during the 1940 retreat in France. "No officer of field rank has the right to be subconscious, Methuen," pronounces the Brigadier, having him out. There ensues a transfer to the Royal Army Pay Corps.

**I**TALY 1944 is the final break—far behind seem the horrors of desk warfare; to whom and why he owes his restitution to active service, you have to read to know. One holds one's breath—what is to happen now? Perhaps one may feel, by the last page, that Mr. Marshall has overworked the element of untoward fate—for, even without the scales so heavily tilted against our hero, *Only Fade Away* could have been a compelling book. The different Army slang (and more than slang) of the two wars; the differences in actual warfare; the changing or changed outlook of the men themselves; the differences in home atmosphere, manners, morals, amenities, behaviour of the still so-called fair sex, and, indeed, civilian morale in general—have, from the point of view of the serving soldier, been very strikingly brought out.

★ ★ ★

**N**O fairy tale ever went well without an ogre—or, at the very least, a witch. Flight from the horrific is a great part of the mythology of childhood; and, in one form or another, that excitement keeps hold upon the grown-up. *THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER*, by Davis Grubb (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), has rightly been described by its publishers as "an extraordinary story"—unlike most modern novels, it rings a bell in some underground passage of one's mind. For though the scene is modern America, the naïve countryside of the Ohio River valley, one is back in the domain of Grimm and Hans Andersen—two children, breaking out of an evil spell, are, unaided, fleeing from a pursuer. The supernaturally elongated shadow of "the Hunter" crepitates at them, every way they turn; his threatening whispers echo in every breeze; his wiles may overtake them when least expected.

This is no book to put into children's hands—it contains just too much possibility, too much realism. But because it is wonderfully written, because it has a ballad-like quality (dire, yes, but austere poetic), *The Night of the Hunter* offers a great experience for the (one hopes) stronger-nerved grown-up. Nor is it worse for being a tale of courage—the indomitable and desperate courage of one small boy, who is at the disadvantage (nightmare of childhood) of being laughed at or scolded for his fears. John's fears for his mother Willa, his sister Pearl, are—as the reader knows—only too well justified; but not one of the neighbours will give him ear. The poor foolish mother meets the fate one foresees; just in time, the children fly in a boat down the dazzling, hallucinating river. The witch, thank heavens, is a benevolent one—old Rachel Cooper, "strong tree with many birds."

(Continued on page 476)





## CHESHIRE DANCED AT WINNINGTON HALL

WITH a name and site dating back to Saxon days, Winnington Hall was the setting for a brilliant ball given to aid poliomyelitis research. Leading personalities of the county were concerned in the organisation of the event, which was excellently attended and will be talked of in Cheshire for many months



Before a fireplace in this fine mansion, which is now an I.C.I. guest house and senior staff club, were (standing) Earl Kitchener, Miss Rosemary Gammell, Sir John Chichester, Bt., from Knutsford, and Mr. C. T. G. Blackmore, and (sitting) Miss Rowena Holt and Lady Chichester. Lord Kitchener and Lady Chichester were on the dance committee



Mr. Donald Stuart-Hamilton and Mr. David Norton with Miss Jill Porteous and Miss Ann Prestl between dances



Also sitting out were Mr. Christopher Robinson, Miss Judy Brooks, Capt. Peter Groves and Miss Helena Robinson



On the stair: the Misses Sheelagh Rownan, Valarie Drew, Jean Richmond, Rosemary Cornwall-Legh and Rosemary Richmond



Mr. John Boumphrey, Miss Susan Ledger and Miss Elizabeth Posnett were passing the time with Mr. Ejler Rasmussen, from Copenhagen, and Mrs. G. H. de V. Wilbraham



Taking coffee in the entrance hall were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. L. Dick, Mrs. R. Carstairs, the Hon. Mrs. F. C. L. Lamb, Mr. R. Carstairs and the Hon. F. C. L. Lamb





THE HAWKER HUNTER, a jet-fighter of astonishing capabilities, conspicuous for its sharply swept wings and long dorsal fin, is in super-priority production for the R.A.F. and N.A.T.O.

*Flying*

*Oliver Stewart*

## The Air Industry's Great Captain



A group of students of different countries training under Hawker-Siddeley at Hamble, Southampton

**G**UESTS had assembled for a luncheon party in a London hotel. There was lassitude; lassitude which remained obstinately undissipated by repeated, massive doses of gin. People made trite remarks and carefully refrained from listening to them. Then the door opened and the atmosphere changed. A new

arrival had brought animation with him. The remarks took on interest and meaning. The gin acquired increased potency. The new arrival was the man who is the subject of this brief biographical note.

My experience is that, by process or processes unknown, Sir Frank Spencer Spriggs contrives whenever he meets us to give us all a salutary jolt. He is the most curious and complex personality in aviation to-day. He does not fulfil the film director's idea of a big-business man; yet he is bigger and his scope is greater than the biggest or most

scopeful screen could make him. He is not the newspaper picture of the captain of industry; yet he is a captain of a team of captains of industry.

**L**ET me explain. As managing director of the Hawker-Siddeley Group he controls the largest agglomeration of aviation companies in the world. I prefer not to list the names of the companies of which he is chairman because it would involve me in the risk of contracting writer's cramp. The Group contains manufacturers whose titles mean much to all who fly or who have an interest in flying; A. V. Roe, Hawker, Gloster, Armstrong-Whitworth. There are also the companies concerned with light alloys and with that new metal that is going to play a large part in the construction of the supersonic aircraft of the future: titanium. These are all Sir Frank's domain.

Of middle height, round-faced, quiet and rather slow of speech, with a knack of arranging the simplest words in phrases of great hitting power, Sir Frank seems unimpressed by his own eminence. Millionaires, it is said, are only interested in meeting other millionaires. But Sir Frank is interested in everybody. It may be that this breadth of interest is one of the reasons for his administrative success. Another is

undoubtedly his power of detached comment and criticism. He can look at a problem without getting het up about it.

Remember that his companies are strongly individual organisations and that they contain among their managers, engineers, designers, scientific workers and test pilots men who are strong individualists. To put it politely, those with great achievements and notable inventions to their credit are apt to be difficult. The prima donna complex is not confined to Covent Garden. Original thinkers are apt to be a little too original. They are not always amenable to the ordinary processes of co-operative adjustment. Sir Frank brings them together, murmurs a few discreet incantations and sends them away positively exuding co-operativeness.

**T**O find out how it is done is a long and difficult study. The basic plot is that someone goes into Sir Frank's office in a towering passion and comes out beaming with benevolence. The change is not brought about by barking from behind a large desk; by bribery or flattery or bluster. It is brought about by displaying the problem at issue in different lights; by turning it over calmly and commonsensically. So there it is again: the broad view, the total problem rather than any one bit of it. At any rate, it is as near as I can come to a rational explanation of what, by any standards, must be rated a remarkably successful career. If I could get any nearer I would at this very moment be sitting in a yacht in the south of France, sipping champagne and surrounded by the winners of beauty competitions.

The broad view is the key to this man's achievement. It enables the multifarious activities of the Group to be shepherded into a single significant pattern.

**S**UCH powers are not heaven-sent. Sir Frank is no easy genius. He has learnt how to do it by hard and long experience. He has spent forty-one years in aviation and has seen the British industry grow from its knickerbockers-and-pimples, or struts-and-string stage to its present promising youth. He has acquired the knowledge and the know-how in active participation in the industry's worries and successes. He was President of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors in 1939-41, and he has led the technical committee of the Society. And now, at fifty-nine, he controls his vast organisation as if—and no disrespect for any of the companies is intended—it were a mechanical organ, merely by setting the appropriate controls.

He visits the component parts of the Group often and keeps in touch with what every company is doing. He knows those who work for him and they know him. He bears his share of the load, and it is a heavy load. Yet he shows no signs of wilting under the strain. He is not bowed down, pale and harassed. He is confident without being cocksure; certain without being dogmatic. He is buoyant and, to borrow the Continental epithet, sympathetic.

**A**s an earnest seeker after truth I have sometimes asked him how he can cope with so many and varied problems. He seems puzzled. For him, he explains, there is no strain; no difficulty, no trouble. All he does is to make decisions. The difficulties are faced by his subordinates who have to implement those decisions. It is his own explanation. It sounds convincing when he says it. But one cannot avoid the lurking suspicion that there must be something more to it than that.





*Eric Coop*

SIR FRANK SPENCER SPRIGGS, K.B.E., whose brilliant handling of the Hawker-Siddeley group has set an example of large-scale organisation to the world, and vastly increased Britain's aviation prestige







# Town/Country

FOR OUR FASHION CHOICE THIS WEEK we have picked out this charming cream and grey tropical worsted suit by Matita, which makes an excellent town or country outfit. Notice the cutting of the jacket's plastron front, the half collar and cuffs of plain grey material and the narrow, elegant skirt. This is the sort of beautifully tailored, suit that men like and a clever woman wears to create an impression. It costs 26 gns. and comes from Fenwicks of Bond St. and Newcastle, who also stock the little grey straw hat for 49s. 6d. and the other merchandise shown on these two pages

—MARIEL DEANS



The perfect accessories for your suit in town. A long, narrow envelope bag of dark grey leather is priced at 5 gns. The attractive short gloves in grey kid and fabric cost 16s. 11d.



In the country, wear the skirt with this scarlet Italian sweater. Made of cotton thread, with short sleeves and a prettily folded collar, it costs 78s. 6d. The effective silk scarf is 12s. 11d.

A very plain shirt blouse made in gunmetal-grey linen. It has short cuffed sleeves and a collar that can be buttoned up to the neck. In other colours as well, it is priced at 49s. 6d.





# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

**H**AVE just discovered that recently acquired town of habitation contains, well-concealed in side street, weekly market. Discovery was made during holidays by E., who reported bargains to be Picked Up, ranging from live calves to antlered hat-stands. In spite of insistence that household needed neither, he insisted on prospecting.

I successfully defeated his suggestion of a live gosling to be immured in wire-netting enclosure on lawn in order to save mowing lawn—gosling afterwards to be eaten by rest of family (E. is a vegetarian out of school) for Christmas. To my argument that the gosling would be toughish by then and anyhow it would be ungrateful to eat anything that had served us so long, he muttered that he'd Just Thought.

**T**HEN he produced a useful oil heater picked up for two shillings—all it needed was a thing to wind the wick up and down, and any ironmonger would have that. He spent the rest of the time hunting for an ironmonger who did, and also presented us with a rich load of jazz gramophone records dating from the early thirties, two transparent plastic napkin rings and a solid



oak sledge, minus metal runners, which cannot be dragged on the level without team of huskies.

Such experiences, plus apocryphal family story of prewar aunt who went to auction to buy Persian carpet and returned with side of beef, have convinced me that best thing for members of this family is to stay away from auctions of all kinds.

**S**HEER coincidence, however, brings me past market site on day of sale, and am lured by sound of pigs and cattle, stamping, hallooing and other rural sounds to investigate possibilities—after all, there's no need to *buy* anything. Dismiss livestock with magnificent self-control—pigs obviously impractical, have disliked hens since childhood, and though golden hamster is undoubtedly attractive, am deterred by expert assurance that it will Eat Anything (own family is bad enough).

Turn to household equipment, stacked, like the junk it is, under galvanized iron shelter, and discover at once treasure without which I cannot imagine existence continuing. Severe self-discipline persuades me that large Gothic-

(Continued on page 472)



"Bond Street," a simple little silk shantung suit by Marcus. It has a narrow skirt, smoked pearl buttons, three-quarter length sleeves and very elegant, rather long, pockets that jut out just below the waistline. It is stocked by Griffin and Spalding of Nottingham





An Alexon suit of mohair and alpaca. Cool, crease-resisting and beautifully plain, it looks particularly good in navy blue. Peter Robinson have it

*Cool, Comfortable,  
and Yet Formal*

**P**HOTOGRAPHED at the Café Boulevard, one of the few places in Mayfair where one can lunch in comfort on the pavement, we show three pretty suits and a lightweight jacket that are cool and comfortable and yet sufficiently formal for sunny London days

—MARIEL DEANS



# CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

pinnacled book-case inlaid in cane will not be tolerated even in boys' bedroom—that there is no conceivable purpose for which an extra gas cooker or a disused refrigerator without mechanism could come in handy, even in my household—that any more picturesque old pots or Middle Eastern coffee jugs with holes in them collected as future lamp-bases or flower vases will alienate the affections of my charwoman.

I ALSO decide that my need for a small quantity of crumpled chicken wire for arranging flowers is no justification for buying a large roll of it, however much cheaper for quantity. Bravely eschewing tempting Victorian umbrella stand in the shape of a swan, I eventually arrive home having bought only a rusty but ingenious machine for peeling large quantities of potatoes (it seems to have nothing to cut with, but no doubt something can be arranged) and a bicycle, which I calculate will come in handy for darting in and out of the town when I have forgotten to buy something, without unnecessarily wasting petrol. Besides, it was only ten shillings. . . .

ONLY when I return do I realize that unlike the aunt with the side of beef I have not bought anything for dinner. Purchase of bicycle is at once vindicated—as it seems to have brakes, wheels and handlebars, if little else, I bravely mount regardless of fact that



I have not ridden a bicycle since my school-days. Handlebars seem a lot lower down than I remember, and equipage at once shoots forward regardless of intention, in direction of approaching grocer's van. Only a frantic hooting disengages gaze and front wheel, and I whizz on in a haze of terror, amid the amazed stares of passers-by.

Surely it can never have been true that I once careered among trams and traffic, steering with one hand and carrying books, tennis racquet and shoes in the other.

At the High Street, heroism can carry me no farther. I dismount, finding myself with an incubus worse than any shopping basket. Wheeling my bicycle in the gutter, lorry drivers curse and bus drivers snarl. When I dash over zebra crossings, pedestrians insinuate that I am cheating. When I try to park it outside the butcher's by balancing the pedal on the kerb (which any errand boy, and even I in youth, could do without thinking) I am engaged in minutes of agonized calculation as to which way the pedals really go round. . . .

Still, the journey has taken ten minutes less than if I had walked, even if it's taken ten years off my life, too. And it is worth it for the appreciation, I reflect, when I land panting to the admiring greeting of B. and L. "Gosh—Mummy's riding a two-wheeled bike!"

— Diana Gillon



This charmingly casual loose-fitting jacket by Ledux comes from Peter Robinson's. It is double-breasted, made of navy-blue wool and would look equally well in town or country setting





John Co

... and Yet  
Formal

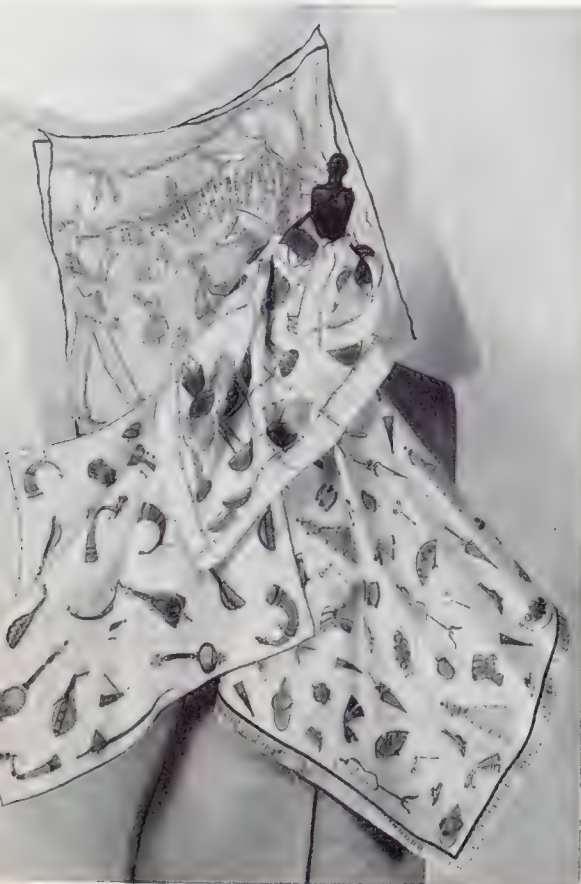
**A** SUIT of fine grey *mélange* worsted by Gerald Fisher. It is trimmed with saddle-stitching down the revers and round the pockets and has a single button fastening. It is stocked by Harrods. The hats were kindly lent by R. M. Hats Ltd.





# Scarf Story...

... being news which is of interest to all smart women. Silk squares, stoles, sweater scarves and head scarves are immensely popular. Worn on the head, round the neck and over the shoulders, they all tie up with fashion. Here is a selection of all sorts from which to choose.—JEAN CLELAND



Above: For elegance this enchanting Viennese stole, called "Fiametta." In black wool jersey, it is embroidered in white wool with a heavy wool fringe. Price £13 13s. From Harrods

Left: An original collection of sweater scarves. Italian silk squares: "Fashion," "Musical Instruments" and "Baskets." Price 19s. 6d. each. Cotton square, with design of "Puppets," price 16s. 6d. From Finnigan's

Right: Outstanding in colour and design are these exquisite "cravats" and "squares" from Jacqmar. "Prelude" (a golden tan silk square) price 39s. 6d. "Daisy" (silk Surah cravat) price 27s. 6d. "Lily of the Valley" (cravat in silk and nylon mixture) £4 4s. "Mimosa" (silk cravat with mimosa woven in with quilted effect) price £4 4s. "Cyclamen" (with the new all-round fringe edge) £4 4s.







It, colourful and informative is this highly original "Grand National" square, made by Wetherall. On it can be seen the names of the winners since 1839, to the present time. Price £4 4s. The leather belt, too, is ideal for sports occasions and all "horsey" occasions. Also from Wetherall. Price £5 15s. 6d.

Below: A neat way of wearing the ever popular head scarf is to have one like this, which, in an attractive maize spot material, is mounted on to a Perspex band, which grips the head snugly. Price £1 1s. The cummerbund is made to match. Price £1 1s. From Wetherall

## Some Cool Ideas

To keep cool, and look fresh, on a hot day is an art that requires thought and considerable skill. The simplest method, of course, is neither to toil nor spin, wear the minimum of clothing and relax under a large shady tree with iced drinks close at hand. Too easy? I expect you're right. I shall have to think up something better than that.

Here then is a short list of practical suggestions for everyday use.

1. After the morning bath, have a brisk all-over rub with one of the scented toilet waters that smell like flowers and leafy woods.
2. Run cold water over the hands and wrists, whenever you are feeling particularly hot, and then rub eau-de-Cologne between the palms.
3. Sprinkle a small pad of cotton-wool with eau-de-Cologne "Friction," part the hair, and rub well into the scalp.

4. Carry in the handbag a little stick of solidified or frozen perfume to dab behind the ears, across the forehead, and round the back of the neck.
5. Use a liquid foundation and "blot" it with a paper tissue before powdering.
6. Wear the gay light shades in make-up. Avoid anything too heavy. A lovely one to try out is Dorothy Gray's "Classic Pink," excellent with navy, white, pastels and especially Wedgwood blue.

★ ★ ★

WHICH reminds me that in the Dorothy Gray "Wedgwood" range which we photographed recently, it should be noted that it is the octagonal blue and white Jasper Flask, designed and made by Josiah Wedgwood and Sons for Dorothy Gray, which costs 7 guineas, and not the "Wedgwood" Vase Perfume with the cameo on the cap. This is only 78s. 9d. A pleasant surprise when you come to buy it.

—J. C.





## ENGAGEMENTS



Elliott &amp; Fry

Miss Marion Davies, daughter of Sir Daniel and Lady Davies, of 36 Wimpole Street, W.1, has announced her engagement to Capt. Ralph Dodds, 13th/18th Royal Hussars (Q.M.O.), son of Sir Charles and Lady Dodds, of 71 Park Street, W.1



## LEWES—COVENTRY

Mr. John R. Lewes, son of Capt. J. H. Lewes, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Lewes, married Lady Maria Alice Coventry, daughter of the late Earl of Coventry, and of the Hon. Mrs. Fisher Hoch, of The Plas, Llanstephen, Carmarthen, at Croome Church, Worcestershire



## ADAM—ROBERTSON

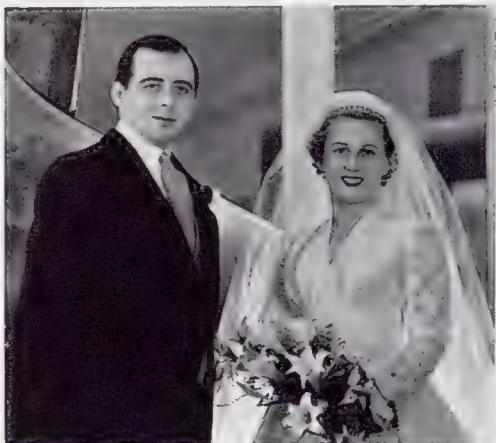
At St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, Mr. Nigel C. F. Adam, son of Mr. C. F. Adam, C.S.I., and the Hon. Mrs. F. Adam, of Skipworth Hall, Selby, Yorks, married Miss Teresa H. Robertson, daughter of Cdr. D. L. Robertson, R.N. (retd.), of Helford, Cornwall, and of Mrs. B. Dawson, of Brunswick Gardens, W.8

## THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



Fayer

Miss Nancy Elizabeth Turpin, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Turpin, of Montreal, Canada, is engaged to be married to Mr. Michael Christopherson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Christopherson, of Sondes House, Patricbourne, nr. Canterbury



## DE ROANY—HEWSON

Comte Jean de Roany, son of the Comte and Comtesse de Roany, of Avenue Hoche, Paris, married Miss Deirdre Hewson, daughter of Brig. A. G. Hewson, late R.H.A., and the Hon. Mrs. H. R. Hildreth, of Stirkoke, Caithness, at St. Joseph's Church, Paris



## WADMAN—WHITE

At the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, Mr. John B. Wadman, son of the late Major A. J. Wadman, M.C., and of Mrs. A. Wadman, of Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, married Miss Shirley Deakin White, daughter of Sir T. White, High Commissioner for Australia, and Lady White



Edward Eves

Miss Joan Botwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Botwood, of Mallory Court, near Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, is to marry Mr. F. G. Spencer Lee, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee, of Brackenhurst, Warwick Avenue, Coventry



## WEAVING—DOHERTY

At St. Peter's Church, Welford-on-Avon, Mr. Hubert J. Weaving, son of Mrs. H. M. Weaving, and the late Mr. Frank Weaving, of Pebworth, Worcester, married Miss Dinah Doherty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Doherty, of Western Close, Welford-on-Avon



## CARR—MAPPLEBECK

Mr. William Carr, son of Mr. T. B. Carr, of Genoa, and Mrs. G. M. Carr, of Rose Cottage, Micheldever, Hampshire, married Mrs. Denise Mapplebeck, daughter of Mr. O. Yeatman and the late Mrs. Yeatman, of Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia, in Rome



# LE TOUQUET

Paris-plage

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AUGUST 22: POLO "COUPE D'OR"

World open championship (20 goal teams)

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LONDON-DEAUVILLE BY AIR FRANCE



PIERRE  
PAGES



# I Survived

by  
**GODFREY LIAS**



This is the true story of "Pepi," an Austrian Officer captured at the Battle of Stalingrad, who spent ten years in and out of Russian prison-camps.

He collected a mass of information about the Soviet way of life and his story is a unique human document. Fully illustrated. From all booksellers.

**EVANS 12/6**

## Book Reviews (Continuing from page 464)

### HOME COUNTY BLUES



Many fairy tales start with a wicked step-mother. For the prototype wicked stepfather, one must turn to Dickens. In this case "the Preacher" who is to enter, dominate and poison the children's home, is no less glib at the outset than Mr. Murdstone, no less sadistic—and, as we know, more actually dangerous to life. The ex-convict, slaving piety, has in fact been drawn to Cresap's Landing by knowledge of the existence of hidden money: the children know where it is—they are under oath to their tragic father never to tell.

The Ohio setting serves to enhance the story, giving it not only atmosphere but sense—here, such things *could* happen! The hymn-singing picnic on the thunderous day haunts one. Primitive are the villages round the "landings," the isolated dwellings which dot the shores. And *The Night Of The Hunter*, although it conjures up a situation in which it is agonizing to have to picture a child, is underlyingly sound in its child-psychology. Any average boy, not unduly fanciful, would (one feels), given this extreme case, react much as did young John.

★ ★ ★ ★

**A** VILLA IN SUMMER, by Penelope Mortimer (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is a first novel on a promising theme—the effect of the country upon a young couple who have transported themselves from London. To Andrew and Emily Addams, an uncle's offer of the loan of a cottage, Hassocks, on the outskirts of the famously-pretty village of Manningford, seems to open up a new lease of life. For the Addams's, hitherto cooped up with their children in an insufficiently spacious St. John's Wood flat, have been suffering badly from claustrophobia. The scene in the first chapter, two people trying to dress for a party, in a hurry, within the same few feet of space, to the accompaniment of a running barrage of juvenile comment, is brilliantly done.

This tale, however, is far from being a comedy; it is a near-tragedy. Rural conditions reduce the marriage to all but ruin—and why? One should, I feel, in justice to rural life explain that Manningford offered nothing of the sort: our hero and heroine are plunged into a singularly nasty little community in the Home Counties. Of big city blues we have often heard; Home County blues decidedly must be worse.

This melancholy little sub-society, with its roots in London, has been but too well pictured by Mrs. Mortimer—whose descriptive adroitness and finished dialogue make it hard to believe that she has not written a book till now. The lady in jodhpurs and a string of pearls; the licentious keepers of the progressive school into which the manor has been converted; the poor little gin-sodden grass widow with the problem child—these and others make hideous, nightly, the local pub, extruding any surviving locals.

My sympathies were with Mr. Carruthers, the rector, who continued to run a flag up and ring the bell every saint's day, though nobody any more came to church. But Mrs. Mortimer has no patience with Mr. Carruthers. I regret, in a way, that so able a pen as hers should have so long dwelt upon "scenes of guilt and misery": she might well learn at least one lesson from Jane Austen. The conclusion of *A Villa In Summer* leaves one with hope for the Addams's—but next time, one longs to say, why not make a try at the *proper* country?

### GRAMOPHONE NOTES

It has been possible to hear the young Negro coloratura soprano Mattiwillda Dobbs prior to her current L.P. solo recording on both the Nixa releases of *Zaide* and *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*. This talented singer from the Deep South made her début at La Scala in 1953, appearing that autumn at Covent Garden and again early this year. She has recently made her bow to New York, and is at the moment once more in Europe to fulfil a number of engagements which will include the Edinburgh Festival.

On her latest recording Miss Dobbs gives a recital, devoting the space at her disposal to songs of Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, Fauré, Hahn and Chausson which she sings in German and French, and while she does well by some of the music, on the whole this recital does not come off. There is abundant time for Miss Dobbs to mature, and when she does it is possible that she will then be completely able to accomplish the task she now sets about with no more than the good grace of an enthusiastic beginner.

I think it is a pity that she was given more than, say, four titles to record at the most. The result would, I am sure, have been far happier had this been done. Miss Dobbs has a delightful voice: it is only that at the moment that voice has been given too much to do. (Columbia 33CX1154.)

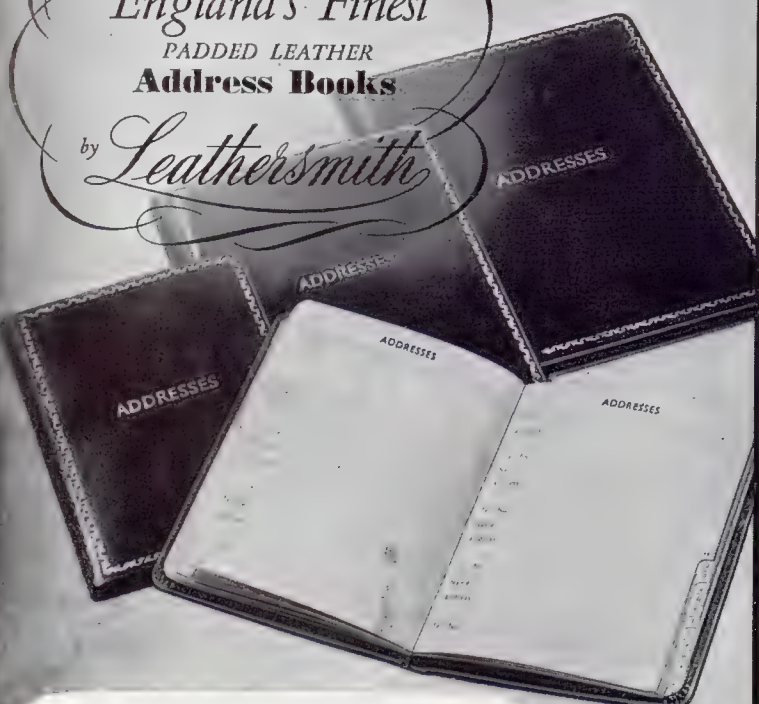
Robert Tredinnick

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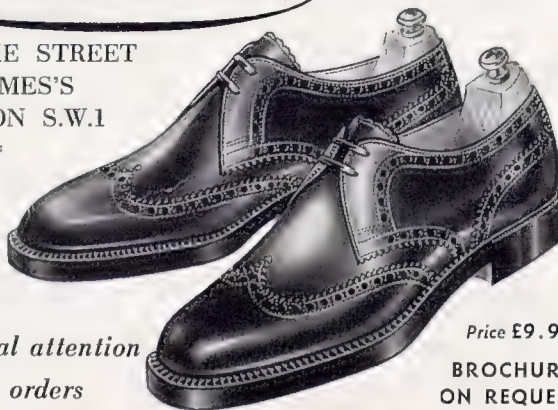
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# The Englishman's<sup>★</sup> Guide to Smirnoff Vodka



The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen<sup>★</sup> should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try a MOSCOW MULE (1 part Smirnoff Vodka, juice of  $\frac{1}{4}$  Lemon; add ice and fill up with Ginger Beer. Garnish with slice of Lemon and stir gently). Also a SMIRNOFF & TONIC (1 part Smirnoff Vodka poured over several ice cubes in a long glass. Fill up with Tonic Water and garnish with slice of Lemon).

*\*To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.*



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There's not a woman who won't be entranced by Alec Waugh's new story "TOO LIKE A FAIRY TALE"; or provoked by Barbara Cartland's article "WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS"—in which she questions the wisdom of a woman marrying out of her station. And then—but forgive us—there is so much in the May "*Britannia and Eve*" to intrigue and interest every woman. The May issue is now on sale... get it today from your usual bookstall or newsagent.

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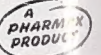
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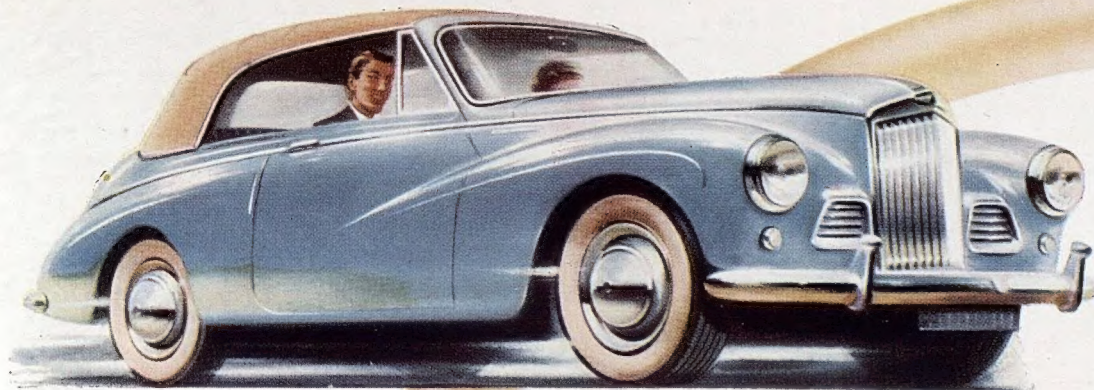
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